

The pain
threshold

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

DECEMBER 1, 1980

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THE WEST GOES WILD

THE NEW SEPARATISM:
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COVER STORY

The West goes wild

Alternates at best, while rape at worst are stalks the West as a new separatist movement streaks through Canada's four western provinces. One worried observer says the spurge is right in nothing less than "the most dangerous thing going in Canada today." A report by Madonna's Alberta Bureau Chief Suzanne Swanson chronicles and analyzes the phenomenon. —*Paula H.*



The faith of Dorothy
Wright-watching brought Sharon Tinsman to the role of Judy Garland — *Page 4*



Alberta's Liberal
Everyone knows Nick Taylor, but unfortunately no one pays attention to him. —Page A1



The writing on the wall
 Illust from Peking, correspondents John Fraser brings a privileged view of China. —Page 3



The pain threshold

Science raises new hopes for eradicating the worst of all men's afflictions. — *Page 6*



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EDITORIAL

Pierre of Arabia must learn a new dance to save the West

By Peter C. Newman

When the late Lester Pearson turned the administration of this country over to Pierre Elliott Trudeau more than a dozen years ago, the liberal party still carried considerable prestige west of the Lakehead. A total of 53 Liberal MLAs sat in the four western legislatures and 27 federal MPs, including six cabinet ministers, represented the West in the House of Commons. What's happened since is that this essential power base has been wiped out, with only one Liberal MLA surviving in the entire West and two lonely federal MPs—all from Manitoba.

As a result, however elegantly he may stop and gesture in dancing the Arab's moonwalk in the streets of Saudi Arabia, Trudeau governs only half of Canada. His recent declarations pining for an at western separation—on top of Ottawa's attitude that western complaints somehow carry lower priority than the aspirations of Quebec—constitute nothing less than a course of certain political suicide, both for the Liberal party and the Canadian nation.

As this issue's cover story (page 27) illustrates, separation in the West remains a mood in search of a movement. No equivalent of René Lévesque has appeared at the bar-room door to lead a posse for western independence and spark enough leadership to

transform it into a meaningful threat. What's happening instead is that an increasing number of responsible westerners are abandoning hope that the central government will ever listen to their demands. In the process, it's the Liberal party that's becoming a fringe political movement in Western Canada, while separatist groups gain legitimacy and recruits. "We will not see western separation as a destructive force in this country," Duff Roblin, a former premier of Manitoba now in the Senate, pointed out. "What we are seeing is western alienation. Separation, if it comes about, is sudden death; alienation is a wasting disease but one that poisons the relationships that ought to exist in harmony in a common citizenship in this land."

Pierre Longueville, Allan Blakeney, Bill Bennett and Sterling Lyon are men with very different ideological roots. But they share a frustration and anger that can no longer be ignored by Ottawa. The prospect of economic civil war between the West and the rest is fully as terrifying as French Canada's reaching out for independence under the Parti Québécois.

If western separation is to be confined to food rather than become fact, Trudeau and his lieutenants must apply the same tender loving care that helped tame the fires of rebellion in Quebec. If lucky Pierre can dupe the sheikhs of Arab by his moonwalk, he can learn to do it for the wooing of the West.



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DMC 1, 1980

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Managing Editor

W. C. B. M. M. M.

Artistic Editor

John J. Evans

Art Director's Assistant

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Production Editor

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After Sanjay, the deluge?

'Her tone was that of a person looking for an excuse'

By Peter Niesewand

The most important man in India is not the president, who does what he's told. Nor is Rajiv, the surviving son of the prime minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. (He with a heavy heart, has left his job as an airline pilot to help prepare her political border.) Rather, the hard wreath, if that's what it is, goes to a bandied young man shrewd, piercing eyes who does his homework in whole and fits his own blue-and-white executive smocks. He is Shree Bhawendra Brahmanan—when avoid bureaucrats to kill, very privately, "Bhappan"—and he is an illustration of much that is wrong with Gandhi and her government. Astrology rules, not India. She has become increasingly susceptible, and unhealthily reliant on the advice of astrologues, particularly Brahmanan. He sees the prime minister almost every day. He orders her servants around. He frightens her officials, who today so often because he is so close to the nation's leader, and they fear a transfer to somewhere remote and nasty if they offend him in any way.

India has always been a nation of superstitions, where political leaders routinely consult astrologues to determine the most auspicious moment for forming a government. But Bhawendra is different. He is so close to Gandhi's innermost circle as the woman to fill the enormous gap left by the death of Sanjay, her son, closest adviser and her most useful man in India. (The Shree Commission, which investigated enormous embezzlements during Gandhi's last administration, calls Brahmanan "an earnest individual" who had effectively subverted an entire administrative system by having friends in high places.)

There is a crisis of leadership in India, a development for too important for the outside world to ignore, for it promises international, as well as domestic, consequences. Two months after her election, and five months after Sanjay's death in an airplane crash, Gandhi's "government that works" seems assailed by an extraordinary paralysis. Some of her supporters are becoming alarmed by the obvious national drift in the face of pressing problems. In the sensitive northeastern state of Assam, the Assamese are completing a year of sometimes bloody protest in an effort to secure the repatriation of millions of "foreigners"—immigrants from other parts of the country. Protests generally are soaring, and the crime rate frightens many Indians. Religious clashes kill hundreds every year. Thousands of hijacks (a catchall term) are considered, or named, or beaten up, or seized, and millions are simply tensed with constant fear. Hinduism is spreading—particularly at the top levels—and hardly anyone trusts politicians.

Gandhi's answer to these problems, so far, has been to pass ordinances that erode civil liberties but fail to tackle essential means, and to concentrate on irrelevant and some-

times questionable projects. Yet, insensitive politicians that she is, Gandhi realizes she cannot go on like this much longer. And if she is unable to do anything constructive, well, then, there may have to be a divorce. And that danger is just what seems to be building up on the shelves: not a tamarisk, a show to make people forget about their little local difficulties and concentrate on a new national threat. It should be something that later will provide a useful excuse for continuing domestic problems—namely a new little warlike war against neighboring Pakistan.

Gandhi's public statements have fueled the impression that something major and unpleasant will happen soon, and relations with Pakistan have deteriorated to justify such a melodramatic (but a border war over the divided northern state of Kashmir seems a likely prospect). The possibility is being discussed openly. One national magazine has a cover story on the subject this month, under the headline: A WARNING SIGN?

Last month, asked what she thought of the mood in Pakistan toward normalization of relations, she replied: "Whose mood? General Zia's (Pakistan's military leader, General Zia Ul-Haq) or the Pakistani people's?" At a recent press conference, Gandhi sniped at Zia over the question of whether Pakistan was building a nuclear bomb. "President Zia keeps dropping it," she said. "Shall we take his word for it or not?" Well, what did she think? "I do not think I like saying what someone is not telling the truth," the prime minister answered. "We will leave it at that."

The general secretary of the opposition Janata party, Dr. Subramaniam Swamy, has expressed strong over Gandhi's recent surprising resignation, at an army camp near the disputed border, that Pakistan was not concerned in fostering friendly ties with India. Dr. Swamy said he detected no evidence of belatedness on the part of Pakistan. "Her tone was that of a person looking for an excuse," he observed.

Consequently, both sides are warning, India particularly. New Delhi's recent arms deals are daunting. This year, Gandhi's government signed a major order with the Soviet Union for purchases of about 700 F-16 tanks, and an unknown number of the modern Soviet-made Soviet fighter-bombers, the MiG-29. Arms purchases from the United States have been resumed after a break of 25 years, and about \$250 million worth of missiles and howitzers are on order from Washington.

But even without the new deliveries, both sides have enough for a scary, bloody war, and when someone manages to lead Gandhi off that course when we might see a destructive destruction, providing something other than yoga and political incompetence on which to meditate.

Peter Niesewand is Maclean's correspondent in New Delhi.



Gandhi seized by an extraordinary paralysis



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Join Parliament, see the country

'Cries of foul and snarls of separation echo throughout the West'



By Richard Rohmer

The Canadian nation has been wrenched and twisted so never before by the powerful forces of disunity. When the Quebec thrust toward separation was blasted by René Lévesque's referendum, a short-lived mood of complacency was cast over the country. The ensuing unilateral constitution was imposed by Pierre Trudeau in accordance with his referendum-time promise to his fellow Québécois was quickly followed by another unilateral move. The prime minister, with his fellow Québécois converts in the vanguard—Marc Lévesque, Jean Chrétien, Jean-Luc Poirier—dropped the other foot from a high distance. The federal energy budget hit Alberta (and B.C. and Saskatchewan) squarely between the eyes.

Cries of foul now echo throughout the West. Snarls of separation can be heard in every media rack and cranny from Winnipeg to Victoria. These dumb, arrogant, unfeeling bastards in Ottawa. They have no understanding no feeling for us westerners. They've done nothing since 1967 but try to off. Let's separate!

Whether the PM believes it or not, the notion of separation is growing in the West. A referendum? Why not? Quebec did it. Why shouldn't Alberta, or B.C.? It is time for some actual steps to be taken in an urgent effort to unify this Canada. God knows the constitutional and energy schemes taken by the federal government have been effective enough on the negative side.

What can be done that's positive? There is one step—a dramatic one—that the government of Canada could take. To understand this step, we have to go back to the John A. Macdonald and Confederation. Life was slower in 1867. Instant communication was unknown. Railways was the only "fast" means of long-distance transportation. Ships sailed the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence for three seasons of the year. Horse-drawn sleighs or wagons were the only alternatives. Once a member of Parliament was elected, whether from the Maritimes, Upper or Lower Canada, and he started off on his journey for Ottawa, he knew it would take him a long time to get there and he would have to stay until his business was finished. There was no telephone to pick up to talk with his family, no steamship to get him home for the weekend. With the primitive, limited transportation and communication facilities available in 1867, Parliament had no choice but to act in one place—Ottawa. Remember, in those days, there were no provinces west of Ontario. And so, since Confederation, the House of Commons has been locked in Ottawa. In 1967, it couldn't be otherwise. In 1980, it is imperative that it should not be so.

Today there are 262 members of the House of Commons of whom 30 are senators. There are 54 deputy ministers

and a host of assistant deputy ministers, and they are supported by a staff of thousands in each of the ministries. The whole House of Commons, plus the deputy ministers and their immediate staffs, could be moved from Ottawa to any major point in Canada in a single Boeing 747 of the people's airline. Air Canada (I use the 747 only as an example. It would defy common sense to put them all in one aircraft, at least not without a few large jumbo jets) could charter a 747 of Canada, there are ample hotel facilities to accommodate our mobile members. And there are arenas, coliseums, convention centres and other buildings that could be converted into a temporary House of Commons. The ministers, members, deputies, all would commensurate with their offices in Ottawa by telephone, teletype, television, courier and postal service. Certainly the preparation would take time, money and much planning; but the results—a governing body that understood there was more to the country than Ottawa—would justify the effort.

So my "Band-Aid" solution for national unity is that in addition to sitting in Ottawa the House of Commons should spend two six-week sessions a year in another regional centre. For example, the spring six-week session could be held in Edmonton and the fall meeting in Quebec City. The next year the spring session might be in Winnipeg and the fall gathering in Halifax. And so on.

Regional sessions would demonstrate that the House of Commons is a vital, dynamic institution which is willing and able to conduct its business in each of the regions affected by its decisions. For a large number of the members, this might be their first visit to an area that they might not have seen otherwise. As a result, they and their senior civil servants, would learn firsthand about the country they have been charged to govern. The people of the region would be able to visit the sittings of the House and watch their parliamentarians in action. Standing committees of the House could focus their attention on the special problems of the region and hear local residents and witnesses. (And the regional tourism, business, hotels and restaurants would get a real shot in the financial arm with all these Ottawa big spenders in town for six weeks.)

It may be that the elected members of Parliament would balk at this scheme, but a House of Commons that was ready to go to the people in every sense of the word would make an enormous contribution to national unity. Parliament would cooperate its senseless. Regional differences would be recognized so that—just different, not irreconcilable barricades to unity.

A lawyer and author, Richard Rohmer's latest novel is Perspective Red.

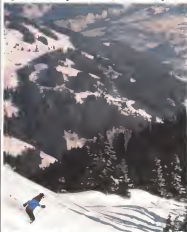


ILLUSTRATION BY [unreadable]



Mondo condo on the other side of the mountain

A gabled mock-European town rises, and so do land prices



The new Whistler (above): skiing spouses Al Rabe and Penny Green, grilling serious

By Thomas Hopkins

Myrtle Philip's house on the B.C. resort town of Whistler is old and white with red trim and a delivery to roof. From her living room she can look across her porch, back with fallen cutwood logs, to the flames of late fall trees reflected in Alta Lake. Over the hill on the other side of the lake, below the town hangs of Whistler and Blackcomb Mountains, hundreds of construction workers are feverishly hanging and peering to finish the new town centre that has erupted in the middle of Myrtle Philip's house town. "Oh, I don't mind all the construction and the town centre," says Mrs. Philip, 69, a sort of up-country Kate Hepburn who first came to the valley in 1941. "I'm just glad it's happening over there," and she flicks a hand over her shoulder.

The development that Myrtle is pinned to not on her side of the lake is being fondly billed as the "Greatest New High in North America." It's the new Whistler, a \$340-million 18-year expansion of the once sleepy resort town 125 km north of Vancouver. Whistler Mountain had long been known for the deepest vertical drop in North America and its fast ski runs, but until recently it was stuck with the reputation of the lumber town it was before the first lifts went up in 1962. Lack of amenities and spartan night life drove all but day skiers and a few lucky chisel owners back to their home cities after a few nights. Now, after seven years of planning, a mock-European town centre is rising, all gabled condominiums, wood and skylights around a central square. Above the centre, a whole new mountain, Blackcomb, has been developed with new runs down its sides like the scratches of a ski bunny's tails. New lifts on Blackcomb and Whistler have boosted last year's daily capacity of 5,000 skiers to 12,000. Blackcomb treats in the town centre include an elegant restaurant by Vancouver restaurateur Umberto Magna, a Delta Canada Lod foreign exchange, a gourmet bakery, as well as a new Arnold Palmer-designed golf course. Spread along 16 km of constricted valley bottom among five lakes, Whistler (both ski areas are being promoted under the same general name) has become a hot spot for Vancouver with land prices soaring out of control. A lot that sold for \$30,000 two years ago now fetches \$90,000. A three-bedroom condo sold for \$154,000. For vacation, a studio with a pull-out bed rents for \$72 a night, a two-bedroom suite for \$120.

It is a little too much too fast for many of Whistler's permanent core of 1,250. "There is a certain bedroom," says Paul Burrows, who shuffles in chips and blue jeans around his office



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Whistler's brand new town centre (above) resort residents (here from left) Myrle Philie, Paul Burrows and Charlie Dwyer: yes, there is a certain hedonism

As editor of the *Whistler Quarterly*, Lake a lot of Whistlerites, Barrows was a ski bum, living at one time in a trailer at the bottom of the lifts. Eventually he tired of the odd jobs and started the paper in 1976. Whistler is beginning to look predictable. Dress is "early Robert Redford," tending toward cowboy hats and down-filled coats. Without TV or radio, nights are spent visiting, cooking, exchanging the stories.

For the party's many clients, it's a perpetual "velvet lines" tale: universities without the classes," explains Chatter Doyle, 38, editor of *Bureau's* monthly competition, *The Winter Annual*. "It's a circus!—Mondays at the local Knit restaurant (it has moved), Tuesdays at the bar called *It's a Girl's Night*! Wednesdays to *The Root* (it's way past), and Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays to the *Blue Room* at the *Hotel New Orleans*. Flamingo skin and good 'ole South are the rule." It's a *HOW* could," says Paul Berrow, 39. "They like to keep up with the tourists." Local news includes the late fall *Traveller's Hall* and the *Early Spring* *Traveller's*, *Early and Late* *Traveller's* and *Winter's* *Traveller's* and *Winter's* *Traveller's*. *Winter's* *Traveller's* is a finishing line beyond the lakes by any means they see. *Denise*, who once worked on *Denise*, *Denise* and a *makeup* *school* before she got married (and now she's a mother), says that, in fact, "the only thing in *BC* that we have

ever is an excuse for being late for work." Even so, the danger of being "bashed" was never far off, and machine drivers competed to see who could shave minutes off the two-hour trip on serpentine Highway 99 into Vancouver. "I can usually get down to town in an hour and 15 minutes," confided one pillar of Whistler society, "but for God's sake don't tempt fate."

But now, perhaps like the reformers of the 1960s who populated it, Whittier is getting serious. Fortunes have been made in real estate by the astute as the most fine months will see cable TV and FM, radio licenses, local gas outlets and badly needed improvement in the town's aging sewerage system. The town's new expanse is elsewhere in the valley at peak times this winter. Eventually it will be 43,000. Still, there are few major complaints. The old and few younger hippies have long since left. Whittier for the Gail Islands, and these returning have a clear alliance to capitalists: "Friends used to think I was mean to stay up here," says Harwell, "but now they're missing the scenery and landscape and the peace and quiet. No one does that 'don't drink my beer.' Money is plentiful and the planning and design of the new town could have been worse."

"The worst kind of urban sprawl!" That's the way A.J. Raine, 38, former BC ski co-ordinator and current government-appointed alderman to Whistler, remembers the town in the early 1970s.

[illegible]

So it would seem. A recent election campaign saw a tight development of the old Rousseau elements of town council and the new-gang farmer who burn the grass. The town council, however, is a great black chieftain of the winter past. The trouble was police. Indeed all Winter committees approved of the project, but some worried. In the words of Harwood, that "Winter, in a degree, people care, however, and public meetings, as in Aspen, are something akin for popularity. While outside ideas persist as the town sits short down the winter, the town council is not a very large local business community were being used, splitting local loyalties to pocketing the politicians. A primary concern into it is to push the process into a struggling, roller coaster. The town council is to find a favorable housing for a new generation of winter chieftain bands and hunters. Worries Jim Kennedy, at 23 a slow, winter and night, year resident.

Late in the day, cars have along Highway 96, at the heels of tourists and locals alike crisscrossing Whistler to witness a semi-coastal region where warm weather has already cancelled two World Cup ski events in recent years. The season's first fall of snow creeps like a dawning of tale down the side of the mountain. "You have to keep your sense of humor," laughs Jan Boystad, Whistler doctress who runs the Goldchase Restaurant much favored by local residents. A more trite Whistlerian suggestion is the fabled onset of winter over frosty Blackcomb, an alpine wonderland. "You can't see it," she assures the parking lot at a departing journalist, "until then we want thousands of new visitors." ☺

PROFILE: NICK TAYLOR

The lasting endurance of a Liberal in Alberta

The man everyone knows, but to whom no one pays attention

The Wayne Scene

The event, if you're ready, is the annual dinner meeting of the Alberta Association of Insurance Adjusters. The locale is a former diner in the Edmonton Plaza Hotel, and the entrée is rare Alberta beef. The audience is somewhat confused. To ease the milage home, the guest speaker is at once a philosopher, a millionaire, and leader of the Alberta Liberal Party. The



Alice Taylor: the ambience is confused

Alberta Liberal party: He speaks like a socialist, quotes St. Augustine and John Stuart Mill and like a latter day Moses with slightly tougher odds, expects to lead his party (and some 3,000-card-carrying Liberals) to opposition status in the Alberta legislature—despite the fact that he has no seat himself and must watch legislative debates from the visitors' gallery. His name is Nick W. Vlastakis.

Tonight, Nick Taylor is introduced as the man "everybody knows is around, but nobody pays any attention to." As the formal introduction droned on (graduates of University of Alberta, in geology and engineering, self-made millionaires, president of Lockheed Exploration Ltd., devoted father of seven girls and two boys) the rest of the band table slowly evaporated. One by one, the admirers slip away, perhaps because they don't want to be recognized in Taylor's company when it is his turn to speak.

Taylor moves slowly to his feet and tries to make light of the incident. "I wasn't sure what the hell you were planning to throw at me," he says good-naturedly. The audience breaks into levels of laughter. This is Taylor's trademark: the political quip, the 30-second repartee that sends television news editors into fits of delight. Naturally, Taylor scoffs at this tactic, preferring to be recognized for his leadership abilities and his philosophical interests.

Still, they are not voting to make a political hay of recent polls can be believed. Taylor's Liberals are ranked No. 2 behind the Longhairs' Conservatives in the opinion polls, but only 10 to 15 per cent ahead of Grant Stacey, the second leading member of the scene, who several pundits consider to be the rising force in Alberta. Taylor begins his closing attack on the oil powerful Longhairs by saying they are "the enemy of the Longhairs' progress."

The insurance and/or social interest is enough. "We have a government in power but not in action," Taylor says. It would be wise to convince this province as a province as fortunate as Alberta. Taylor then argues to another favorite theme: the Conservatives are preoccupied with oil. "They are bourgeois and they are not interested in the detriment of wealth and development and a strong secure sector that could provide for Alberta once its oil runs out."

"Our greatest asset is between our arms," Taylor says, "and that is the common sense of the people."

—*John G. Sweeney*

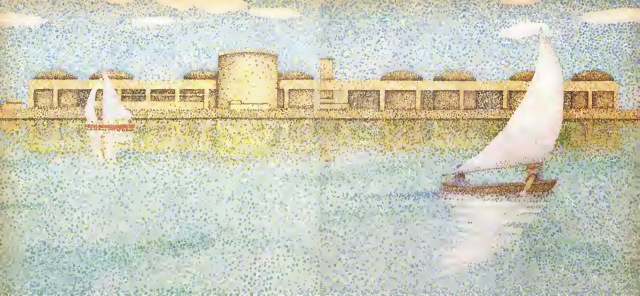
But the audience suddenly begins to grow restless on the stage seepers' shot. If the provisor is so easy to manage, why change government? Taylor starts to stammer. "Persons aimed at the provincial government's scandal-scandled social services department about an occasional yawn. 'Political parliament.' The audience coughs politely and beg with their outside mouths. There is laughter, finally, when Taylor mentions the environmental effects of America's rapid industrial growth. "When I raised political, there was only one Peter who could walk on water," he says. There is much laughter, but it is not the laughter of voters entertaining themselves of insouciance.

Falling attendance: The dinner is ad-

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Part of Taylor's family (left to right) daughters Ali, Sheila, Sally, Sarah, Patricia, sons Pego, Grendon and Grandpa Davis: why pursue the most thankless job in Alberta?

journeyed Briefcase in hand, Taylor leaves the room, drawing to a close one of the three "political" days a week he indulges in. The rest is for business and for family. To be a Liberal leader in Alberta, one almost has to be a millionaire.

"It's sort of annoying," Taylor admits, referring to the talent for political laws which clashes drastically with his philosophical interests, and that occasionally obscures his serious side. "But you have to tell 'it' as it's

down to earth." Unfortunately, the minute Taylor is approached about his philosophical leanings, he reaches for his speech notes, enthusiastically pointing out parts of the text and out-lining his strategy of "getting to the adjourn." I concentrated on government spending and bureaucracy," he claims. "That appeals to them because they deal with it everyday."

St. Augustine or not, Nick Taylor wants to get elected to the provincial legislature. Defeated federally by Deag-

lan Harbison in Calgary Centre in 1988 (despite Trudeau's aid), and again by Pierre Andre in 1972, the closest he has come in three tries provincially was in the (barely) riding of Hugh (Bernie's former seat) in 1976, where he came within 300 votes of winning. It is said he was being punished for the treason of opposing Peter Lougheed, but the problem is actually much more fundamental. His enemies, for instance, are deeply rooted in the thought of John Stuart Mill, who believed in "peasant proprietorship." Like Mill, Taylor has been accused of dancing too close to "socialism," which in Alberta is a dance of death. Despite being president of a Calgary-based firm with oil exploration holdings as far away as Egypt and the North Sea, Taylor urges a move away from large, multinational resource corporations and toward small, independent businesses. For Taylor, the key to the future is an expanded "between the suns" or service sector. "Just look at the Swiss and Japanese—countries that handle inflation better because they are service oriented," he claims.

The question that puzzles most Albertans is why a millionaire with a large and devoted family has decided to pursue the most thankless job in the province. The answer is that liberalism is in Nick Taylor's blood. His eldest daughter, Patricia, is a former provincial



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triberal candidate as well as a practicing lawyer and member of Lofsted's board of directors. "I am a humanist," he claims. "A politician with people in mind."

But if Nick Taylor has the people of Alberta in mind, scant few remember Nick Taylor when election time rolls around. The Liberals drew only six per cent of the vote in the last election. The ghostly image of "Nick's absence," as Pierre Elliott Trudeau's widow called in Edmonton, doesn't help matters any. "Personally, I like and respect the man," Taylor says, with a touch of understatement, "but he's no help to me at all." Holding a grudging respect for the prime minister doesn't mean, however, that Taylor has to respect and admire his office staff, the policy shapers who seem to have created so much western alienation. "Jim Coates and the others are mostly westerners who've forgotten the things that westerners must," Taylor emphasizes. Their intransigence betrays a dangerous lack of understanding of what events mean to westerners. "Anyone who knows history knows that separatism is never cultural," Taylor maintains with typical sophistic certainty. "It is always economic. And that's what is frightening. Mostly cities, considered businesses in Alberta are talking separatism." As Taylor observes, it is the petite bourgeoisie—in France in 1789, in the American colonies in 1776 and, if the scenario continues, in Alberta in 1988—who feed the roots of secession.

Unfortunately for the cause of building a stronger opposition voice in a province that is ruled as an oligarchy, Taylor's most important asset in the popularity polls could well dwindle in the fallout of last month's unpopular federal budget. Provincial politicians are already pick-poisoning Taylor's rising star, insisting that statistics giving the Liberals about 17 per cent of the popular vote (compared to the NDP's roughly 16 per cent) are nothing more than a minor adjustment by voters as they search for an alternative to the Social Credit party, the traditional opposition. Taylor is undeterred, as he is by the oft-repeated taunt that it is awfully easy to play philosopher when you are a millionaire. He intends to be premier of Alberta one day—after he gets a seat in the legislature, of course. In the meantime, he's busy trying to secure support for the Liberal party's Alberta branch and trimming the party's \$60,000 deficit. What with these formidable tasks and the demand for one-liners—Lofsted and Trudeau are "two kids playing with matches," the sound gas has already "run the rail in the south of Confederation"—philosophy will have to wait. ☐

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Slowly adjusting in a very new land

'It will have to get a lot worse before any other country can offer a better life'

By Heidi Heland

Some ex-Rhodians have performed extraordinary political conversions in their efforts to maintain peace with the black men who took up arms and fought for seven bloody years against white rule. Jim Barker, a former growing estate in the Karoo area 250 km northwest of Salisbury, recently visited a group of 12 guerrillas—known to have been responsible for numerous attacks on his house and the deaths of several family friends—for a drink and talk about the future. When the guerrillas arrived at

the family's survival came as much to Barker's surprise and pleasure as to him, however. "Throughout the war, we built more and more security barriers," he says. "After almost every attack, we increased our protection." Nearly a year after the ceasefire (although blood-dripping enmities between rival guerrillas factions), his home has remained a fortress of walls within walls, and grenade screens still cover the windows. The medieval-type tower from which he fired mortar bombs and thousands of rounds of ammunition still contains emergency medical supplies—compresses, drugs and bandages—which

guerrillas entered and piloted his rifle at them. "I was sure he would kill us," she recalls. Her youngest son, Jan, five years old at the time, asked the guerrillas, "Are you a terrorist?" and the man replied "No, I'm in the army. Are you a terrorist?" The guerrillas left the store then and was killed by a few later by a military patrol. Barker last day, the same guerrillas had shot a neighboring farmer.

During attacks on the farmhouse, July, the children and Jim's elderly parents crowded into the base of the tower and loaded magazines with ammunition to pass up to Barker at the



Grenade screens still cover windows of country homes, former of security gates (left)



bitterness of war years is fading

the security gates of Nyshawa Farm, Barker, seeing their guns, turned from the fence, saying he was going back to the house to fetch his own rifle. "They decided to get 'No, Mr. Jim, we come in peace,' and then they all propped their weapons against the wall."

The farmer and the guerrillas gathered on a mound of rocks outside the thick security wall still covered with bullet marks of battles waged on dark and dreadful nights past. The guerrillas told Barker that his effective use-as-a resistance against their repeated mortar, bomb and fire-arms attacks had been by one-sided their supernatural powers were as his side. "We were extremely lucky not to lose a member of the family," Barker admits. "They tried to get us above enough."

the medically trained Barker kept to test the wounded, but fortunately never needed for his family.

Barker has his own single-engine aircraft and became a member of the white army, treating and transporting 112 stretcher cases during the war. His wife, Judy, helped her husband care for the wounded from surrounding farms and military units. She says it was impossible to protect their four children from the home and fear that presented for so many years. "I remember one of them walking into the house crying. 'Have you seen the man outside with his head blown off?'" Judy Barker taught her two daughters to smother "for their nerves." On one terrifying day in 1973, Judy and three of her children were in the farm store when a

top "It was incredibly lucky," he says. "I was involved in many operations with army and police units where we had other men to rely on for support. But up there on the tower, frag and weapons alone and knowing there were dozens of men returning the bullets—that was another matter."

During his talks with the guerrillas, Barker discussed the attacks they had made on his farm. One man grinned at him and said "We have met before, Mr. Jim." "Where?" Barker asked. The guerrilla reminded him of a someone whom Barker had been flying over the farm in his airplane and spotted two armed men in the bush below. "I wondered if they were guerrillas or soldiers," Barker recalls. "We would not I would back." Over a beer, the guerrillas said "First

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"I carry the sun
in a golden cup."

W.D. White

Ireland's famous poet
captures in words
the essence of Irish Mist.
Enjoy it soon.

was me, Mr. Jim!" Says Barker: "I liked that fellow. I told him to come back if he was ever looking for a job!"

The bitterness of the war years in finding to most farming communities, although some still face poverty is lessened. Six white farmers have been killed in recent months so security walls and grenade sensors stay up. Jim Barker's life has returned to almost normal. During the war, he and his wife were unable to leave the farm as permitted so they exposed few social amenities. "Now we can go out at night, have friends for dinner, see films, go on holiday," he says.

Like most white Zimbabweans, the Barkers are concerned about education and health services in the new country, and about their continued right to private ownership of land. Since Robert Mugabe took office last April, both school and hospital facilities for whites have remained largely undisturbed despite considerable pressure from radical reformers. Mugabe has also resisted hard-liners in his party who advocate the seizure of white-owned land and is attempting to quell the worst fears of whites by implementing gradual changes and a relatively slow redistribution of wealth. Mugabe is well aware that a mass white exodus from Zimbabwe will damage the wealthiness.

Yet there remains among many whites an uneasy conviction that their old culture and traditions will be eroded by the new order whether the government is deliberately hostile or not. The cornerstone of this culture is what whites call "standards"—the assurance that telephone will work, roads will be repaired, hospital floors will be scrubbed, and that state officials, particularly the police, will resist corruption. More basically, white standards extend to street punctuality for appointments, speedy service at shop counters and manicured grass verges along suburban avenues. Many of these white standards are entirely alien to blacks. White men will wait in vain for punctuality among Africans, for example, because it simply does not feature in the black man's traditional and serene role of observer. It is this type of cultural conflict to which some whites refer when they say "Africans will never go to leave Zimbabwe."

Thousands of whites have emigrated this year for a variety of reasons, and more will follow. Those already departed have left some gaps in the economy but no serious loss of expertise. Most of those remaining are at best hesitating to trust their black government's statements of intent. Says Jim Barker: "This country will have to get a lot worse before any other country can offer a better life." ☐

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Miscast and misunderstood

I read with interest your article January 1990 in *Atlantic Journal* (This Canada, Oct. 31). In his usual piece, which is quite well done in parts, the writer cannot, however, conceal his increasing propensity to take cheap potshots at industry; in this case the Iron Ore Company of Canada. Thirty years ago, a group of daring people set out to finance and build this company and an entire social infrastructure in Schefferville, Que., and later in Labrador City, Nfld., with government money. The finished product is not perfect, but it remains an impressive monument. Michael Martin, the town manager of Labrador City, is the most unwitting critic of industry in the area. The Iron Ore Company of Canada is Martin's favorite whipping boy. Iron Ore has paid and continues to pay a minimum of 20 per cent of the total budget of Labrador City—the highest such payment by a company in the entire province. All expenditures have been handled for the company by appropriate officials. Risk expenditures are approved by senior management at meetings held in Canada, not in a "foreign country." Last summer, the world steel market plummeted to new lows. As an important producer we were immediately affected, so we chose to close to maintain our most productive product to enable our employees to enjoy a good winter vacation with their families back home. Moreover, at considerable cost, we did everything humanly possible to minimize the effects upon our employees. I am proud to say that this effort by the Iron Ore Company of Canada was generously appreciated by our employees as



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well as union and community leaders. What was Martin's complaint? As reported in your article *The Little Engine That Could* (Canada Aug. 4), he said: "...the companies have done this to drain the workers of their savings so that they can't survive next winter." Mr. Martin is entitled to his opinion of me and Martin's is clearly entitled to print it, but I have an understandable reluctance to be cast as a villain when, by and large, my mother thanks I'm a pretty nice guy. —**MARK MCLEOD**, President, Iron Ore Company of Canada, Montreal

Looking good

I enjoy your People section weekly and find that you never stop coming up with great stories that are always on top of the scene. I was particularly stoked to see the story on *Silverado Bids* (People Oct. 13). Congratulations to you and your staff! —**CHRISTOPHER STONE**, Toronto

Omission impossible

Ray McGee has written another excellent story which gives a fair and balanced version of a man who is a saint

in every political phenomenon (Canadian's Red Sox, Cover, Nov. 3). My published statement does not represent my views on the off-shore issue. What I did say was that "Mr. Pickford fears that we don't have a good case" and that's who he has not gone to court. The omission of "fears" materially changes the sense of the statement attributed to me. —**EDWARD ROSETH**, St. John's, Nfld.

No comic relief

In his editorial *No More Gekko's*—*Trudeau Will Have to Write a Humpty Book* 33, Peter C. Newman quotes Premier Angus MacLean of Prince Edward Island as saying that he is "an Islander first, a Maritime second and a Canadian third." Mr. Newman referred to this as a comic moment. To my mind it is not comic—it is all too tragically symptomatic of what ails Canada. —**B. C. ANDERSON**, Kingsville, Ont.

I found Peter C. Newman's editorial helped clarify the constitutional debate. As a Western Canadian, I view Trudeau as being mainly representative of the city-state of Ottawa, whose star will rise or fall in conjunction with Ottawa's, and that the marinating force behind Bill Brown's flag-waving is the hot breath of change on the winds of the Central Canada establishment. I feel that the goal of the Liberal government is cheap oil for Ontario, and a referendum pitting the population of Central Canada against that of the producing provinces is a cheaper alternative than an armed invasion of the Middle East. Morally, it is identical.

—**B. B. ROBERTSON**, Port Huron, B.C.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address and send correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 180 Dundas Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario, M5G 1A5.

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1971 Don Jones, Winnipeg
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1969 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
1968 M. Symons, Toronto
1967 Pearl Lake, Calgary
1966 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
1964 David Coleman, Calgary
1963 Sam Jackson, Ottawa
1962 George Threlk, Montreal
1961 Arne Palmer, Hamilton
1960 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1959 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1958 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1957 Jackie Parker, Edmonton
1956 Hal Patterson, Montreal
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1978 John Nelson, Calgary
1977 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1976 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1975 John Lacombe, Edmonton
1974 Ken Lacombe, Ottawa
1973 Ed McQuarrie, Saskatchewan
1972 Wayne Harris, Calgary
1971 Tom Brown, B.C.
1970 Tom Brown, B.C.
1969 John Nelson, Hamilton
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1963 Roger Vaughan, Ottawa
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1975 Ben Campbell, Calgary
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1973 John Bowyer, Montreal
1972 Chuck Ealey, Hamilton

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1977 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1976 Tony Gabriel, Ottawa
1975 Jim Kelly, Ottawa
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Q&A: TOM LEHRER

Bon vivant, man about town and the idol of Madagascar



'It isn't funny if you're in the middle of it'

Tom Lehrer described himself as "a bon vivant, man about town, idol of three continents and Madagascar, where half a million giddy natives think I am God." To thousands of others, however, he is remembered as an irreverent and immensely popular satirical satirist of the 'Sixties' who was also brought to the world stage by *Playmate* (don't drink the water, and don't breathe the way). In 1949, the New York-born and noted Lehrer released his first album, *Songs by Tom Lehrer*, as a private joke to his friends who had just moved to Cambridge, Mass., where he introduced *Harvard*. In 1961, his following among university students and satirical liberals more diverse, another album was released and a single record came out even as negative reactions of the red group felt more. The *Valerian Rag* (Punk you get down to your knees/Punk with your members/Don't your head with great respect/And putrefact, proffer, some-thing). The *satirical singer* in the three seriously disappeared from the public eye.

In June of last year, at the Criterion Theatre in London, England, the cast of *Tom Lehrer*, a musical revue based on Lehrer's work, took audiences back to those years that were. The *Canadian version* opens at Calgary's Alberta Theatre Projects on Nov. 22 and will then embark on a nationwide tour. Producer/journalist Margot MacPheerson

recruited international Lehrer for MacPheerson at his Cambridge Mass. home.

MacPheerson: The first thing that comes to everyone's mind when they hear the name Tom Lehrer is to be your song. Following *Pigeons in the Park*, there you ever actually done such a thing? **Lehrer:** No, I haven't. I just assume there's an underlying dislike on most people's part for pigeons. A dislike they wouldn't openly admit to because, after all, pigeons are God's creatures and people wouldn't wish them any harm. But I think the fact that the song works as it does indicates that there are a lot of people who wouldn't, let us say, be upset if there were no more pigeons. Now, my feeling about that extends to dogs. But if I'd written a song saying "Let's go out and poison some dogs, that wouldn't be funny. I don't have any real objection to dogs—that is to say, animal slaves—as long as they don't feel my footpaws. Everyone's entitled to their private pleasures, no matter how heinous. Just don't afflict them on me."

MacPheerson: You attracted a lot of moral censure in your songs. How do you feel about that now? **Lehrer:** That's what people said, but I didn't think it was being said. The people that I associated with agreed with me. President Eisenhower best Democrat Adlai E. Stevenson by a landslide, after all, so I knew there was

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somebody out there who thought Rose-
hower was a better candidate. But I
didn't know any of them.

Maclean's: You once said, "The only
trouble with folk music is that it is
written by the people."

Lahar: I was making a comment about
the 50s. There's one song in *Animal
House* that is absolutely wonderful. It's
where John Belushi breaks the guy's
guitar to smithereens while he's singing:

*I Gave My Love a Cherry. All those
members of parliament in the 50s suddenly
came walking up—the implication was
that urban college people who spoke*

English perfectly well were somehow
leaping for their roots among the people.
So, they'd sing those terrible Old
English and Old Irish and Old American
Songs of Lovers kind of songs that
did nothing to do with them, and some-
thing to do with the way they spoke. Ev-
erybody had a guitar and knew three
chords and sang songs over and over
again. It was actually a competition.
Whoever knew the most verses won.
And it was just totally boring.

Maclean's: You stopped going on concert
tours in 1960, year? But record
came out in 1963. What happened?

What stopped you?
Lahar: Ah, yes. I should have a mono-
graphed sheet for this one. I never
wanted to be a performer. That was fun
to do, and as long as I could go to dif-
ferent places, I was delighted to do it,
because it gave me the chance to travel
around in other than tourist circum-
stances. But, since I'd been everywhere
that was going to take me, there was no
need to go back. I don't have the tem-
perament of a performer. When I go and
sit in the audience for Tonylosky in
London, for example, at no point do I
wish I were up there on the stage. Some-
thing could be more delightful than being
here in Boston at 8 in the afternoon,
knowing that it's 8 in London and those
poor people are going to have to get out
and do it again. And I can just sit here
and have a cup of coffee.



"I have no objection to dogs"

Maclean's: You do seem to be somewhat
ambivalent about performing again.
Could public demand have you back?

Lahar: I'm not ambivalent at all. I'm
totally negative. The temperament of a
performer requires a desire to really do
it. They want to be out there and have
people hit their hands together. To me,
the cheque falls that fashion. I don't
need to have live bodies cheering.

Maclean's: How did you get started on
show business?

Lahar: I used to write songs—parodies
mostly. [But] Al Copp gave me "my first
break in showbiz," he quote from every
bad Hollywood movie. He had a local
television program in Boston. Guest
performers would be asked to guess news
items from clues, one of which was in
the form of a song, which I would write
and perform. Copp was a good guy then.
He subsequently became a right-wing,
terrible person and later died.

Maclean's: You were drafted into the
army in 1963 and stayed for 26 years.
What was it like?

Lahar: Am I allowed to say this? I don't
think I'm allowed to say this. Rightly

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Commodity expert Gary Adams checking the crop



Deanna McGuigan on the floor of the T.S.E. where Midland Doherty is No. 1 in transactions



Doug Morrison and his wife with clients in a portfolio discussion



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...event, I wouldn't possibly go into that because the CIA would be down on me in no time. Suffice to say that it is solely due to me that America has its pre-eminence in the field of national defence today.

Maclean's: You have described yourself as an elitist, haven't you?

Lafuze: There are levels of elitism. Elitism was considered a very bad thing during the '60s and '70s. But there's a difference between a respect for excellence—and a desire to be excellent—and an arrogance that comes with it. The idea of saying that we're all equal is just not true.

Maclean's: You teach musical comedy and modernization courses at the University of California in Santa Cruz. How university changed since you were at Harvard?

Lafuze: The university is run by grants. It has nothing to do with education anymore. Education is like what you do on the side to keep your flameless. Knowledge for its own sake is absolutely a luxury, but there should be some place for it.

Maclean's: Would you like to see students from Latin America?

Lafuze: English I'll don't care about Latin. If they could only speak English, I'd like it. Academic excellence was prized in the old days, and if you misbehaved that was it. There wasn't any question of bringing guns to school, or knives. I was reading in the paper the other day where some school system is paying kids 25 cents a day to go to school. It cuts down the truancy rate tremendously. Now that's smart. If they don't go to school, they should be killed.

Maclean's: Do you feel that being Jewish has in any way assisted you—scholarship or in your career?

Lafuze: I am not an intellectual. All those comedians of the '60s that I was part of—they all were. Obviously there is some kind of intellectual explanation, and presumably the role of the outsider has a lot to do with it. It may not be so true anymore. Now the WASPs are the outsiders, and so we have people like Robin Williams, Steve Martin and Ricky Gervais. It was just a traditional thing. Gypsies were Irish and Jews were comedians. There are probably all kinds of vast theories about why Albert Einstein, Karl Marx or Raymond Chandler were all Jewish. It's not necessarily that. It's more that Jewish—just that thing, a step removed from the mainstream and, therefore, looked at things differently. The great advances in science are perhaps not provided by people who find answers to unanswered questions, but by the people who propose new questions. Humor looks at something in a different way, and you have to stand back. It isn't funny if you're in the middle of it. ☐

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CANADA

Separatism West: fact or fad?

The federalists' fear: a charismatic separatist leader among the baseball caps



Chris Johnston (top left), and supporters in Edmonton last week: "The separatist spirit will be gone."

By Suzanne Zwanen

The leaders 300-seat community hall in Airdrie, Alta., was filled to overflowing with small businessmen, farmers and housewives. Long lines stretched toward tables where people signed petitions, bought baseball caps and bumper stickers proclaiming the Western Federation, and picked up brochures on the West-Fed Association ("Are you pro WFO? and PRO up with Ottawa?"). The buying and signing, the talking and scribbling for a seat, were still going on when University of Calgary economist Warren Blackman began speaking. Blackman, in the mid-1970s, was one of the first economists to endorse the economic viability of a separate West. This night, though, he was longer on denunciation than on details. In the average loud-speaking style of William (Bible Bill) Abernethy, Blackman condemned a bankrupt federal government for its resource grab, and painted a picture of Canada's future as a "neutralist, socialist state" administered from and for Ottawa. "The entrepreneurial spirit will be gone," he shouted, and the crowd roared. "Ole, too, a banana freedom! More clapping 'Is that what we want?' The crowd shouted, "No, no, no!"



Calgary separatist Dr. Quana Lee at Edmonton last week: "A growing danger"

The voice for Western Canada, as West-Fed bills it, moved for an independent nation made up of the four western provinces, is rooted in fact

nightly new in towns as far as Caroline and Cardston and cities as large as Calgary and Edmonton. Countless meetings who signed up for Petro-Canada credit cards after Petrobras took over the 908 Pacific 90 service stations last spring have got up their coats and mailed the spinners back to Petrobras headquarters in Calgary.

The movement seems to be speeding through Alberta faster than a prairie fire. But results of a Canada West Foundation poll, released this week, show that, when pressed to the wall on the issue, only a minuscule portion of westerners truly want to separate from the rest of Canada (see page 29). Nor has the movement yet struck a spark in the rest of the western provinces, whose acquiescence to separation is vital to West-Fed's concept. But dissatisfaction with Canada and a worry over the future with the growth of separatism in Alberta have become major topics on radio and TV shows, in bars and beer rooms and in the headlines of daily newspapers everywhere in the West. In the wintering holes of downtown Vancouver, western frustration, if not separatism, is the next favorite topic after house prices and rain. In Saskatchewan they're talking it over too, felling the Canadian flagposts for western unity but holding it the notion of going it alone. "Rather than support a separatist faction of some sort, I would oppose the excess power of Ontario and Quebec and try to change the constitution," says Bill

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SEPARATISM WEST

Walker, who farms near Manning, B.C. "The only way [separation] could succeed was if it happened as a western movement between Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and B.C. and there are too many political differences for that to happen. I think a lot of the people I know are thinking along those lines, but we are not headed for separation the way it looks in Alberta." Even Manitoba, the westernmost most closely linked to the West, are looking seriously west. *The Winnipeg Free Press*.

Culver (right), Kivett (left) with separatist messages: the *Trudeau* shows



FREE THE WEST



Press has pronounced separation still basic, but no longer a fringe, and the paper frets that movements "which once attracted only a handful of people now draw several hundred."

Months, even weeks ago, Albertans, like other westerners, were content merely to complain about their grievances. After a century's rumbling, so one anticipated with bated breath another verbal 100 Years War. But events have been overtaking each other all fall. The federal budget was still in the headlines when Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed took to television to announce his retaliation. Imperial Oil's chairman, Jack Armstrong, announced in Halifax Nov. 32 that his company would not cut back operations in the face of the budget just a week later in New York (see page 31).



he was pulling the plug on a new oil sands plant unless suddenly coughed up \$60 million. More nervously, Armstrong had barely finished speaking when Ottawa was volunteering to do the bookkeeping.

Even West-Fed can't stay ahead. In Alberta, as the crowd filed Kentucky Fried Chicken bouquets with bills, separation was proclaimed a grassroots movement, "not a white-collar, not a board-of-directors movement." A week two days later, West-Fed members were looking over a sea of postcards in the pool (Calgary file). Within hours of an announcement of a luncheon featuring Calgary citizen Carl Nickle (see page 30), the 750-seat dining room was sold out, another 500 sent their \$30 and was sold. At one table, the presidents, vice-presidents and owners of oil companies interrupted their talk of their codes in Hawaii, their season tickets to the Flamingo and their directorship travels to ask if everybody had heard that Kentucky Fried Chicken now has a Liberal backer on its menu. "All left wings and apaches," said Peter-Jeff Company President Jim Thomson, and everyone laughed.

Nickle, who has 11 directorships himself, allowed that he hadn't addressed as large a crowd since he spoke to the Canada Club in Toronto last spring. His speaking style is anything but evangelical, but his message echoed Blackman's Confederation was set up

Calgary signs: separatist might appear



Anderson, Fraser and Cook: "It is the most dangerous thing going in Canada today"

with the West and the Maritimes as economic enemies, the Alberta oil sands happened despite a lack of help from the East, the current National Energy Policy will fail, confining ourselves and worsening a falling Canadian economy. "World Affairs" club, as asked, just as in Alberta they had asked about a levy on Ontario nickel. Just as in Alberta, the crowd applauded and shouted, "No." It was neither a founder nor a leader of West-Fed, but I suppose their views have become a member, said Nickle, pointing out that Canada wasn't even in state and is changing all the time. "If the final answer has to be to give the West the freedom to grow, then, we be it."

Well, yes, but then, again . . .

A Canada West Foundation poll released this week says that 39 per cent of Western Canadians believe that they "get no less benefits from being part of Canada than they might as well go it on their own." And 60 per cent of Western Canadians believe that their four provinces have enough resources and industry to survive without the rest of Canada. But—and it is a bewildering "but"—58 per cent of Western Canadians opt firmly to remain in Canada, when given a stark choice of conceding to form an independent country (five per cent), joining the U.S. (three per cent) or remaining Canadian.

The poll, commissioned by the research and venture-finder group, was conducted in mid-October. Before the federal budget was released—and is the largest (1,259 people) and most unambiguous survey of Western Canadian views on separation. Canada West says it shows "about the same" eight per cent separation, finding that the foundation has found in other polls over the past two years, a percentage substantially less than the 58 per cent in favor of separation found by an Edmonton *Journal-Calgary Herald* poll immediately

after the West and the Maritimes as economic enemies, the Alberta oil sands happened despite a lack of help from the East, the current National Energy Policy will fail, confining ourselves and worsening a falling Canadian economy. "World Affairs" club, as asked, just as in Alberta they had asked about a levy on Ontario nickel. Just as in Alberta, the crowd applauded and shouted, "No." It was neither a founder nor a leader of West-Fed, but I suppose their views have become a member, said Nickle, pointing out that Canada wasn't even in state and is changing all the time. "If the final answer has to be to give the West the freedom to grow, then, we be it."

"Would you prefer that the provinces of Western Canada combine to form an independent country?"

Agree percentages:

B.C.	Alta	Sask.	Man.
4	7	3	3

"Would you prefer that the provinces of Western Canada join the U.S. as separate states?"

Agree percentages:

B.C.	Alta	Sask.	Man.
2	4	2	3

after the budget. Pollster David Elton, a political science professor at the University of Lethbridge, says support for separation may have increased because of the negative reaction of many Albertans to the budget, but the more likely explanation, he adds, is that later surveys "probably measure an immediate emotional response to a particular event rather than an ongoing willingness to change the political map of Canada."

Other findings of the Canada West survey were even more schismatic. A majority of westerners (57 per cent) believe the federal government wastes the west money, and 58 per cent think the provincial government must. At the same time, 54 per cent would give the federal government the most power over the economy And, to confirm the man-over man, 62 per cent of westerners would give a seat on the national provincial governments what it comes to the key economic area of natural resources.

On one point, however, there is little disagreement—39 per cent of westerners

lean to national government. The freight rates' double standard has always rankled the West. Neil Peterson of the Transportation Agency of Saskatchewan calls freight rates a "discriminator" that discourages industrial development and keeps the West's supply of raw materials. Happened, for instance, transit cost as the Gross Rate of 33.6 cents per 100 lbs. promised into oil, it must be shipped at four times that rate. Even so, western producers of processed goods must pay the freight to get them to market but if they're buying processed goods from the East they also pay the freight to get those goods. And if westerners feel the tantalizing taste of a new life, the West's short-lived Conservative government, Ontario's and Quebec's combined 770 seats new member Western Canada's 99.

What's new in the know is Alberta's outrage over what its citizens see as the resources grab of the federal budget. Alberta-born Howard Brown, now deputy minister of interprovincial affairs in Saskatchewan, tells it "old and new" attention in the West. He traces the old attention to the Depression when populist farm movements started in each province, the old attention, expressed in agricultural issues like

feel the West is slowly ground in an equal political because the federal government depends upon Quebec and Ontario for most of their votes. That expression of alienation has grown by 14 per cent since May. And almost as many westerners—58 per cent—believe the federal government has made no genuine effort to overcome problems of economic discrimination against the West.

The confusion seems to be that westerners are growing more alienated all the time but they're not yet ready to sign the country Canada West, however, warns against complacency. Separated settlement is not insignificant, the survey says. "There is a great reason to believe that the federal government should be able to handle the West's growing up the country," Canada West suggests that the small hard core of western separatists, the widespread western perception of a discriminatory and wasteful national government, western conditions in the possible, for an independent West and the feeling of benefits that would follow separation "are currently overwhelmed by a strong and widespread identification with Canada. And while the recent rise in separatist activity "future growth is dependent . . . on the reaction of the national government, and the concrete or indifference that it displays." —B.S.

SEPARATISM WEST

dispute rates, is still much alive in the agricultural community. "The change in Alberta began with the Leduc oil boom in 1947," he says. "By 1955, the population was more urban than rural, and with rapid urbanization came a new entrepreneurial spirit. They have the sense that they built the industry themselves. By the late 1960s and early '70s, this class was firmly established. There was, however, a parallel development in Saskatchewan, which explains why the 'Western' does not appear as strong."



Lalonde: the voice is in full voice

Albertans' sense that they built the oil boom themselves, that they have "made" and "owned" the oil industry, is the key to separatist feelings. Separatists can argue convincingly that a Free West would be a power—the next-largest nation in the world, more populous than 30 other countries, richer in per-capita wealth than Switzerland, West Germany or the U.S. But neither the separatists nor the

politicians, who try to skirt separatism and keep the energy wires going, tackle the question of how badly off the West will really be under the new budget. Oil companies announce daily cutbacks,

layoffs and departures in the U.S. People in the oil service industry, leaving their home-state businesses well behind, have banded together in new organizations such as United West, which takes on the frankly separatist and the contradictory. "There is a sense," as Joe Clark said in Berthoud, Alta., last week, "of pushing crisis in Western Canada." No one has yet put a dollar figure on how severe the crisis will be, but Albertans are not comforted by the thought that they'll probably not be any worse off than the rest of Canada already is. The rest of Canada is sure to have always exploited the West, but the West won't take it any more. As BC separatist Doug Christie puts it, "When you have a problem, you get rid of it."

Western Conservatives like, to a limit, basic-separate separatism, Vancouver South's John Fraser says. "I understand why there is western separatism and I have been sympathetic for a number of years, because it's almost impossible to get this across in Eastern



Nickle: puzzling accessories for a man with a risk for making and spending

man who has now embraced West-Fed, the reformist Alberta group to express the idea of an independent western nation.

Winnipeg-born Nickle, 66, jumped into the Oil Patch when he was 35 and launched—with BQ—the Daily Oil Bulletin. From an initial drawdown of 12, the Bulletin grew into Canada's oldest and most successful oil publication, one read around the world. It wasn't until he sold the Bulletin to Bessham News in 1970 that Nickle turned his attention to making multimillions, but he proved equally adept at that. Nickle, too, has a flair for spending. His \$3-million net collection, the most extensive in the country, has been divided up among the University of Calgary, the Glenbow Museum and the provincial archives and museum in Edmonton, the Calgary and District Foundation last year saw the million it managed to raise from the community society matched by

an \$800,000 gift of shares in Conventions Ltd., the Nickle family flagship.

Nickle had the inspiration for Canada's first national oil policy during his two terms as an MP. As early as 1946, he had been vowing with alarm North American dependence on Middle East oil. In 1969, he warned Prime Trudeau that an oil crisis was inevitable. "I never be so off before me," said Nickle later. Imperial Oil wasn't so skeptical one day back in 1945 when Nickle made up the western manager for Imperial Oil to tell him his company had struck oil at Leduc, the find that started Alberta on the route to riches. Nickle was right, of course. And after a lifetime of being first with the news, the Oil Patch has come to accept Nickle's judgement. His commitment to boosting western independence seems to indicate that Nickle has grown up hope that Ottawa will ever believe him. —B.S.



Canada West President Don Roberts and Petrocan credit card making affiliates



Canada. If you mentioned it, you were accused of promoting it, being an alarmist, or being one yourself."

With 2,500 people lining the Kelowna waterfront to hear Christie, his might well say, "I told you so." Instead, they're appalled at the danger. Bess former by Bob Andrus, now a Vancouver executive. "This is serious enough that everything else should be put aside to deal with it. It's a growing problem and therefore a growing danger." The federalists' worst fear is that a charismatic separatist leader will emerge among the baseball cap and bumper stickers. North Vancouver-Burnaby MP Charles Cook echoes many when he says "When we get a first-rate credible leader there will be an incredible explosion of opinion. Look out if they find a credible leader—it is the most dangerous thing going on in Canada today, far more dangerous than Quebec because it is based on economic, not cultural, issues."

The separatists currently have almost as many leaders as they had members a year ago. Christie, 52, a Victoria lawyer and founder of the Western National Party, is head of Western Canada Concept and describes himself as the

Heavy oil in the Big Apple

It was easy to spot the U.S. financiers and advisors clustered throughout the room largely filled with their Canadian counterparts. If the characteristic Brooks Brothers suits and black penny loafers failed to provide the clue, there was nothing less subtle, body language, the moves and looks that seemed to communicate, all at once, bewilderment, exasperation and a certain patronizing tolerance.

The Americans might be forgiven for reacting that way to the spectacle of so many Canadian businessmen and government officials whining about Ottawa's new federal energy policy—particularly since they had chosen New York's Plaza Hotel as the place to see Canada's dirty lion, Andrew McNamara, energy-based president of the Investment Dealers Association of Canada, address the sentiments of many of the Canadian delegates at last week's Provincial Pact energy conference that it was "fairly remarkable" for Canada to fall so far behind about going to the U.S. is an acute problem. "I can't characterize it as a group of leading Frenchmen going to England to discuss among themselves about how to run France."

In the turbulent four weeks that have elapsed since the federal budget, when Energy Minister Marc Lalonde unveiled Canada's National Energy Policy (NEP) to "Canadianize" the nation's oil and gas industry, the high emotions among him all but obscured truth from distortion in an increasingly acrimonious debate. Led by the multinational (or non-Canadian) oil giants, but supported as well by a surprising number of Canadian energy firms, the plucky Canadian opposition has roared the corridors trying to convince U.S. observers and hardened anti-Ottawa critics that the federal government was trying to make the best of a bad situation.

What set the fire did, asked Mark Macdonald, Vice-President, Harland Macdonald, "when they find themselves between a rock and a hard place?" They can't get Alberta to share more of the royalties on the one hand, and they're politically committed to keeping the price of oil below world levels on the other.

Canada's oil industry, says Robert Rose, president of Nova, an Alberta Corporation, with broad energy interests, told other officials that "the federal policy is firm and in step with the general will of the Canadian people at this time."



difficult to Canadian energy self-sufficiency. Not only is it discriminatory, arbitrary and socialist, they argue, but—worse—its specific measures are based on a faulty and naive analysis of oil-company operating methods and the need for profits to reinvest in developing new sources. For its part, Lalonde replied, the federal government believes its analysis of oil-company balance sheets shows the multinationals are well equipped to maintain their previous high levels of Canadian energy exploration and production and that the policy, far from being discriminatory, merely offers greater benefits to companies with higher Canadian content.

In the initial aftermath of the October 1980 agreement, the third international oil conference, Ottawa, by all companies and by the government of Alberta suffered momentarily into a wait-and-see posture. But last week the mood hardened once again. Lalonde, expected by some to move toward a more conciliatory approach, emerged into the New York conference to square any doubt that the federal government "really does mean it." Even as Lalonde was launching an solemn headlines and preparing to give his hard-edged remarks, Jack Armstrong, president of Imperial Oil, Canada's largest producer, was sitting in a hotel in New York City, preparing a bombshell of his own: the indefinite postponement of Imperial's heavy-oil plant at Cold Lake, Alta. Before the week was over, Shell Oil Canada, another multinational giant, dropped the second oil of its major Canadian investments in its own similar Alaskan project in Alberta. It was confrontation at its worst, forcing Lalonde to offer hasty concessions.

The New York conference provided a first plucky Canadian opposition that roared the corridors trying to convince U.S. observers and hardened anti-Ottawa critics that the federal government was trying to make the best of a bad situation.

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—ANTHONY WHITTICHAIR

SEPARATISM WEST

divert western separatism." His Western National Party, from which he has split, began with a letter to the editor of *The Daily Colonist* in 1975, in which he said he perceived a dilemma—"The East consumed resources, the West produced them, and the East had the power to get them." Christie, currently travelling the West to rally converts, was rebuffed in his efforts to join with Alberta's West-Fed, which began the day after this year's election. Edmonton businessman Elton Krutina wrote a letter to the editor of the *Saskatoon Journal* which attracted the attention of Edmonton lawyer Robert Nathan. With \$20,000 of Krutina's money and an abiding belief that the rest of Canada was already separated from the West, the two started West-Fed with small-town rallies and worked themselves up to city appearances and big fish such as Earl Nikols. If West-Fed and Christie's B.C. group can't get along, neither pair any credence in Dick Calder, the former Conservative leader in Saskatchewan



Arresting and these logos: he would pull the plug if nobody coughed \$40 million

The risks of two new solitudes

Pierre Trudeau got it off to the worst possible start. Telling his weary program to a prickly Prairie audience three weeks ago, he referred to western "paranoia" and "hypnotia" over Ottawa's pure intentions. It was all an understatement, his people say now. He meant to complement the West for being too devoted to the nation ever to consider separation seriously. Somehow, many westerners missed his message.

Senior Trudeau advisors concede that they are dealing with an explosive situation, but they hope calmness will prevail. This was not an explanation for the prime minister's decision to travel overseas for 18 days. Among the Liberals, the thought is dawning that there are two solitudes: the political power of the East, the economic power of the West. Each wants a piece of the other's territory. No one has any easy answers about where the two will meet.

"We haven't succeeded in making Albertans feel part of the decision-making," admits Senator Rod Oliver, minister of economic development and one of the last batch of Liberals elected from Alberta, in a election ago. "What it gets down to," says Trudeau's senior policy adviser, Tom Ackerly, a Macdonald, "is a perceived lack of power and influence in the rest of the country. Westerners see the East buying most of the votes and worry that they'll never account for anything in the country. They believe the national govern-



Oliver: a failure to make their West part

ment will systematically discriminate against them."

It is a central Liberal tenet that political passions and grudges are quickly forgotten by Canadians, so even it being taken to know fact from the fiction. The cabinet is studying several long-overdue changes to the Crown Rate for western train freight, set in 1957 and now nearly

below the cost of shipping goods. But Pierre says he is that these rates are tantamount to a constitutional right for farmers, while in fact they were set to help the railroad weather a period of falling prices. No one wants to bother the farmers with this just now.

Less diplomacy is going into defunding the energy program, but with good reason. Ottawa feels the slightest hint of separatist

thoughts could trigger a drilling "strike" like that of 1975. The government prefers to remain reluctant about the changes and postpone the decision. In a other words, it agreed to loan \$1.8 million to Canada's largest oil company to continue work on the stalled Cold Lake oil sands plant. Imperial Oil didn't need the cash, only the commitment. The demand amounted to putting Ottawa's money where its mouth is.

Ottawa did, and the request only sends approval from the Alberta cabinet, which has chosen to link the oil sands to settlement of higher prices for its energy.

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With John from Kathryn Matus and Tom Hooten in Vancouver. Earl Nikols in Regina and Peter George-Gordon in Winnipeg.

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The prime minister

Some Enchanted Evenings

South Arabian Oil Minister Sheikh Ahmad Youssef had brought his guests—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, his six-year-old son Justin and various Canadian officials—to the edge of the desert at the town of Ma'adin Bahah on the Great Inland Route of Arabia last week. The Youssef caravan—including air-conditioned convoys, police cars that blazed their sirens on the empty desert, a water tanker truck, even a supply of Pepsi and Tuz—perched below a cliff where the ancient Nabateans met not so long more than 2,000 years ago. This was to be the site of the Enchanted Evening. The hosts and



Youssef and Trudeau (above) and (left) with Crown Prince Fahd bin Abdul Aziz.



guests feasted on sheep (which had had their throats ritually slit), rice, spicy sausage and stuffed vegetables eaten in the Arab way—with the fingers of the right hand only.

Trudeau, it seemed, could have closed all night. It went well at first with Youssef, who, with robes swirling, danced the traditional maqsum with rhythmic steps. The clock reported that he was amazed at Trudeau's nobility: "He's much better than those in Mexico right now." Yet, later, Trudeau swept the site in off Arab faces when he perceived that Justin Jackson, who, as Canadian Ambassador William Jenkins, to dance with him. In Saudi Arabia, dancing with a woman is close to adultery—and Saudi behind screens. Saudi women returned when Jackson jumped up to join his wife and

Trudeau. For Socha, the host was still to come. As the moon illuminated the desert, he was given a white tent to ride. "Socha of Arabia," his father said. "Off into the desert. See you tomorrow."

But Trudeau's odyssey wasn't all Arabian Nights. Earlier in the week, while on a tour of Saudi Arabia, Youssef offered to sell Canada up to 100,000 barrels a day through Petro-Canada. Trudeau and "him" don't want to know what seemed to be an offer—and so-called if something does take place. In Ottawa, meanwhile, Finance Minister Allan Rock and he was not aware of what conditions, if any, might be attached to the deal by the Saudis, but he assured Parliament that the government would never accept political conditions such as the recognition of the PLO in order to get oil.

The Saudis demonstrated to Trudeau that they were not ready to make any concessions to Western views, though they appeared cautiously interested in Trudeau's urging to take a more active part in the North-South dialogue. Already major and diverse, particularly in Muslim countries, the Saudis are wary of being sucked into obligations in which they would lose control of their petroleum. "I don't expect instant success," Trudeau remarked. "Everybody and his brother is coming here and asking for money."

Then Trudeau and his friends flew to Yemen, a country that receives no Canadian aid and that purchases cheaper Australian wheat, before moving on to Cairo and a meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, followed by the usual round of gymnasiums and a banquet endorsed by a major chairman, three editors and a belly dancer named the Red Bird. After that, it was off to Rome and Paris for even more Enchanted Evenings.

—WARREN GORDON

With the Prime Minister and his wife and Crown Prince Fahd bin Abdul Aziz.

National

Like shooting rights in a barrel

The government's proposed charter of rights looked so reinforced by lightning last week that even its strongest supporters were feeling the draft. The charter—the first 35 sections of the Trudeau constitution—was meant to protect traditional civil and legal rights from encroachment by future lawmakers and to secure stronger minority language rights.

Many, however, felt that the supreme law of the land was not so simple as it seemed.

After a week of attacks in Parliament's constitution committee, prominent lawyers conceded they were reflecting long debates. The trouble began with the very first section, which guarantees the rights and freedoms set out in the charter "not only to such reasonable limits as are primarily accepted in a free and democratic society with a parliamentary system of government." The Canadian Civil Liberties Association (CCLA) told the committee the wording probably renders the other 34 sections almost meaningless. Walter Tarnopolsky noted that a judge might find that "a parliamentary system" is based on parliamentary supremacy—the power to pass any law at all. Moreover, said Tarnopolsky, a judge might well find that the mere statement of a law by Parliament or a legislature means it is "generally acceptable"—in was the statement of Japanese Canadians during the Second World War. That being so, the charter would not protect citizens against unjust laws that clearly breach the charter's other terms. If that and other flaws aren't fixed, said the CCLA, Canada is better off without the charter.

Governments, however, often do what they can. Section 1 was intended to provide parliamentary supremacy. Deputy Justice Minister Roger Tassell testified the wording "was deliberate, to refer to the concept of parliamentary supremacy and all that goes with that." But another official, working closely with Justice Minister Jean Chrétien, privately denies that the clause would leave Parliament supreme. He acknowledges, however, that it was drafted to appease several, previously opposed to drafting power from Parliament and legislators to the courts.

Among other complaints brought by various groups, the Canadian Jewish Congress wanted to ensure that was included



Many, however, felt that the supreme law of the land was not so simple as it seemed.

cannot benefit from a clause that bars courts from any law that wasn't passed when constituted the National Action Committee on the Status of Women claimed the charter would not reverse the past course of judicial bias against women, and offered a series of amendments to assure sexual equality in law and before the courts. At the end of its resolutions brief, committee Co-Chairman Harry Hayes seemed to have truly said the point: "I'm just wondering," said the speaker, "why we don't have a section in here about babies and children. All you girls will be out working and we're not going to have anybody to look after them?" —JOHN HAY

Ontario

Five men with but a single face

When city detectives arrested five men for the murder of a woman, they were caught by a big gun with Black's photo on it but with Edward Leard's name. Then they came across a letter of introduction signed by H.L. Leardhouse, an assistant deputy minister of labor. It had Black's photo pasted on it but introduced Edward Leard as a man who was writing the history of the department and who was to be given access to all files. The next discovery was a drawer full of unemployment cheque stubs for James Davis, Ronald Baker and Robert Bradley. The city police, who were investigating a local breaking and entering, called in the next commercial office square.

"David" or "Baker" or "Bradley" was estimated to pay \$3,000 and serve one year (a job for the "disfranchising" Unemployment Insurance Commission by using the name of two dead people). His absence will doubtless be noted by many, for Black, now six, had floated his way through the capital's assembly, journalism and government circles. His curriculum vitae listed consulting jobs with numerous government departments, teaching jobs at Carleton University and membership in the Parliamentary Press Gallery. He had worked in Solicitor-General Jean-Pierre Goy's office for a year in the interim-filled early 1970s, where reporters found him a good source of information about the security community in Ottawa—though some worried he might be a spy himself.

When the story arrived at Black's home on June 11, 1976, he had left postal change-of-address notices long absent.



Black: worried that he might be a spy.

that suggested Leard now lived in Rhodesia and lived in the South Pacific. As further confirmation, he had gone to Canadian Press reporters, John Ferguson and tried to get him to say that in January 1976, he had seen an article Black had written as an exposé of the unemployment insurance system's weak defenses against fraud. Although Ferguson said he was to come later in court (he refused), Black then went to the office of the newspaper manager with the report and a cheque for the money owing to him, but the wife he now would accept the cheque and the "report" got lost in a flood of ministerial paper work. Undeterred, Black set about establishing himself as an "investigative" journalist,

writing articles for *Canadian Business*, *Broadsheet* and *Shirley Night* (one, on federal issues, is to appear in *Saturday Night's* December issue).

To get a temporary membership in the Parliamentary Press Gallery, he did a research piece for a women's group on whether women in a position for female reporters. He introduced himself to some women reporters as a cousin of *Broadsheet* Editor Black, who denies any relationship.

In his trial, Black testified that in the mid-70s all you needed to get unemployment insurance was a Social Insurance Number (SIN), another piece of identification (a bus pass, for example) and a work termination slip. He went into a government office and got his cards for the (former) Elbow and Brandy, then got them on the payroll of his company, *Commonwealth Ltd.*, had them off and collected the loot. He said he purposely gave them the kinds of background the system needs checks on—the *Broadsheet* magazine looking for a coaching job—because it repays such people as unemployment. He filed heavily reports on their job hunts to satisfy the system. When the rains were lightened in 1978, requiring provision of a further certificate to get a SIN number, Black used an old underworld espionage dodge to get the names of Laird and Dixon (both of whom had died in early childhood) from old newspaper files and applied for their birth certificates.

The prosecutor in cross-examination destroyed Black, even raising doubt about the several university degrees he claimed. And when the court heard Black had personally stated 122 weeks of unemployment insurance during the 1970s, laying himself off twice from his own company, the prosecutor asked him why "There wasn't any work," he replied glumly. Black testified that the answer was a cheque for \$20,026, the full amount he had collected under the four names. But by that time the media personalities had all come together—and it was too late.

—BRENNAN CAMPBELL

British Columbia

At war with the mushroom pickers

Dusk, one day after a hard rainfall in Vancouver's mountainous, middle-class *Doonbeg* district. An 18-year-old bearded young mechanic was on his knees, one gloved-stained hand piled high with small mushrooms. "See the ring on the stem?" And the one coming of them when I tear the cap away? It was a joke in getting *Psilocybe*, the alkaloid "magic mushrooms" which, if Ottawa has its way, will again be illegal for Canadians



Magpie mushrooms, pickers near Langley, B.C. If you don't mind psychotic footstep

ple off his head in a single day, warned that the confrontations will worsen. "Either one of these guys or one of us will lose their cool and something will happen."

What won't happen this year is the reintroduction of a federal government law against magic mushrooms possession. Last December, the B.C. Court of Appeal ruled that having the mushrooms in its natural state is not an offence under the Food and Drug Act, and appeal courts in Alberta and Saskatchewan have since agreed. The only case currently to be tried—by the Alberta appellate court—concerns possession of *Psilocybe* that was reduced to powder and then packaged.

The mushrooms, which grow from late August until the first frost or snowfall, are usually dried after picking and then eaten to create vivid hallucinations. The active alkaloid in the fungus can also cause mood changes, poor co-ordination, weakness, drowsiness and occasional psychotic episodes. "The more severe reactions are like the LSD experience," says pharmacist Graham Wells of the B.C. Drug and Poisons Information Centre. "They get psychotic, delirious, paranoid and often require psychiatric follow-up."

The dangers fail to dissuade the present pickers in the Courtenay area, where Dieter Debernitz has to have been at least once by lunch-watching pickers he has made citizen's arrests of more than 100 trespassers, holding most of them until the *Mountain* arrived. Sergeant Dave Rostander of the RCMP's 33-man Courtenay detachment agrees Debernitz's concern about potential violence. "It's becoming very emotional. And when emotions become involved, all hell breaks loose."

—PAUL GREGOR

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What price glory?



By Hal Ginn

The cheerleaders' pom-pom wars, the bands blare and the young athletes envy the school colors on the fields, courts and tracks across the country. But Canada's directors of university athletics are seeing only red. At a mid-November conference addressing the problem in Fredericton, N.B., John W. Mowbray of the University of New Brunswick's faculty of physical education and recreation said, "We're facing not just a minor or transient problem, but a crisis situation." Mounting deficits at even the largest and wealthiest universities have forced the schools to reassess the role of intercollegiate athletes, raise the bar on issues of athletic scholarships and add up the price of glory.

There are few athletic programs more successful than that at the University of Western Ontario in London (1900), yet program chairman of intercollegiate athletics Glynn Laydon says, "Our situation is equally as fragile as that of other schools." At the beginning of this school year, Laydon went over the books and "saw two items [jerseys and downhill skiing] and not cut gum and oranges for the other teams." Last week, like the rest of the department heads at two, Laydon was told that next year's budget would be reduced by 30 per cent. "We have an enormous problem. We're doing with shrinking budgets and rising inflation. And our major costs are tied to petroleum—transportation and equipment—which

Football playoffs loomed, women's field hockey, not a problem but a crisis



means our inflation is up to 50 per cent."

The athletic program at Western is supported by students' athletics fees of \$28. An increase in enrollment restricted the skiing program but, for example, the variety football operations costs run between \$60,000 and \$40,000. Gate receipts amount to about \$20,000 to \$30,000. (Like that, travelling to a game, UWO athletes now receive \$6 per day for meals, hardly enough for tips.) Western's problem is not unique. The University of Manitoba's bill for getting its football team back and forth to games alone is \$43,000. The University of British Columbia spends between \$100,000 and \$125,000 transporting its teams. The hockey arena at the University of Toronto will lose between \$140,000 and \$170,000 this year. For all the trials and expense, schools are finding that when their teams arrive to

play, the stands are almost empty. "The football crowds this year were reasonably good compared with the last 30 years," says Bob Fraser, director of athletics at U of T, "but these have been bloody awful years."

An Bob Fugle, executive vice-president of the Canadian Inter-University Athletic Union (CIU), says, the question now is, "Where do we go from here?" Student and alumni apathy toward intercollegiate events and the growing trend toward participatory sports ("A recent survey found that we have 15,000 users of our new \$12.5 million athletes complex at U of T," says Fraser. "If each one of them would just come in a game...") leaves few directions open. The one most talked about is scholarships.

The U.S. example, with repeated scandals and resulting violence, has made the use of scholarships a very delicate and sensitive issue," says Fugle. Last spring the CIU was divided on the issue, with the Atlantic area and western universities in favor, Ontario and Quebec schools opposed. Among the resolutions voted on at the University of New Brunswick conference at Fredericton was one urging a "significant increase in the level of funding of the Athletes' Merit Award program [scholarships]."

A recent survey by an Atlantic conference university indicated that about 1,000 Canadian athletes each year head to the U.S. on scholarships—a "great loss" in the mind of Steve Fraser, University (UW) athletic director. Lerne Davies, who is Barnaby, B.C., was the only Canadian university grunting aboveboard athletic scholarships until the program was taken over by the provincial government last spring. "It's a Canadian attitude that nobody wants to talk about it," says Davies, "but we've been out-recruited by schools that don't offer scholarships." One example is the case of Steve Davies, a member of the national basketball team, who was on scholarship at UW in 1976. He did not return the following year, choosing instead to attend the University of Calgary where he got "a better deal." Davies contends that U.S. problems don't have to happen in Canada, that scandals (like that at the University of Southern California where 300 academically deficient athletes were expelled in the past decade) require collusion between the athletic and academic departments. UW scholarships are awarded by the university's Senate Committee, which is made up of academics and trustees. "There are still a few huns and lousy people around," says Davies. "I made an impassioned plea at a western conference on scholarships this spring, that the university administrators take control, supervise the program, police

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CLASSIC BOOKSHOPS

Curtains for a leading lady

Mao's widow and nine other leaders from the Cultural Revolution go on trial



Defendants along Qing (far right). Wu, Du, Jiang Jingxiao and Yao in court, and (bottom) Jiang purging the national psyche

By Po Lok

The prosecutor entered the immense courtroom with the pace of an assassin. There was nothing about her disdainful demeanor, despite the two pistol-guards security officials at her side, to betray the fact that Jiang Qing, widow of Mao Tse-tung, China's Great Helmsman, last week must trial for her life. She strode slowly and deliberately to the prosecutor's seat, not so much as glancing at the 900 spectators packed into the public galleries at the 17,000-seat hall to one side of her. Then, taking her place beside the nine other defendants, Jiang sat impassively as the president of the Special Court, Jiang Hua, read a 20,000-word indictment condemning the 20-30 of them, including Jiang, members of the now notorious Gang of Four—for their activities as top officials during the turbulent years of the Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1976.

Thus began the trial that Chinese authorities have described as the most important since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949. But, more than anything, the high-level intrigue and bold plots revealed on the indictment read like a last will and, if true, gave shilling glimpses into the festering evil and violence used or contemplated by those competing for power in the world's most populous nation. The crimes of the 19 were said to include



leading large-scale purges which killed 30,000 people, persecuted another 200,000 and disrupted 425 leaders, attempting to overthrow Mao, and using more than 30,000 militiamen in preparation for an attempted rebellion in Shanghai. Jiang, 47, a former movie hit-par player before her marriage to Mao, and the other members of the Gang—propagandist Zhang Chunqiao, 63, literary critic Tao Xiyuan, 48, and ceramic factory worker Wang Hongwei, 44, who was promoted to the post of vice-chairman of the Communist party under Mao—were charged with overall responsibility for the crimes. The other defendants, Chen Boda, Mao's ideolog-

ical interpreter, and five military leaders—Huang Yonghuai, Wu Faxian, Li Zaoping, Qiu Huizuo and Jiang Tingzhi—were accused of helping the late defense minister, Lin Biao, in an attempt to overthrow Mao in 1971. The six allegedly planned to attack Mao's train with bombers, 40 mm bazookas, flame-throwers and explosives as it traveled to Shanghai if that southern attack failed, as someone was ordered to finish off Mao and if he, too, were unsuccessful, the plotters, it was alleged, had arranged to set up a rival government in Gansu and with Soviet help, to march on Peking.

Chinese authorities were at pains to stress the legal aspects of the trial, saying that China was now enforcing a new law, rather than the vend of one man, was all powerful. Zhang Yong, a legal expert and deputy director of the legal committee of the National Congress, went to great lengths to explain to reporters why the defendants could be tried for past offences under a criminal law that came into effect only this year.

The new law was more lenient, he said. But observers noted that article 169 provided the death penalty for "treasonously fomenting" crimes, and they also pointed to a phrase in the indictment that said the defendants had "been found guilty." Indeed there was some surprise, when Wang formally pleaded guilty after the trial had begun,

that his co-defendants did not join him in doing so.

However, despite the disclaimers of the Chinese legal authorities, it was clear the Gang of Four hearings were as much a political as a criminal process. While discreetly warning clear of implicating Mao—whose name, although avoided in matters of state, is still revered by the vast majority of Chinese people who make up 98 per cent of the population, China's new grassroots leaders, led by Deputy Premier Deng Xiaoping, clearly saw the theatrical proceedings as a means of purging the national psyche of the horrors of the Cultural Revolution.

To complete the "work," however, they had need of scapegoats, and as the trial adjourned at week's end and to be resumed this week at separate hearings before a military tribunal in the city of the "Red Flower" and before civilian judges in that of the Gang of Four—in Peking were optimistic about the discredited leaders' prospects. ☐

NATO

The ever-widening Atlantic link

They stood together before the fireplace in the Oval Office, the German Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, and the American president, Jimmy Carter. The chancellor stood correctly, hands behind his back, sober, cautious, a prudent banker. "This chance for you to come over here now is ever helpful," the president said. "Although sometimes the emphasis is on the differences between us, the important thing is the vast, common commitments that we share." It was a cue Schmidt chose to ignore Jimmy Carter's opinions as longer as the chancellor was making a courtesy call. He stayed for lunch, attended some perfunctory parties for the television cameras and then went off to see the new captain of the American ship, Ronald Reagan.

The agenda of that meeting—the real purpose of his Washington visit last week—was not disclosed, but there can be little doubt it addressed what many observers view as a gathering crisis in America's relations with its European allies. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the uncertainty of oil flow from the Persian Gulf, the apparent collapse of NATO, its events being shared perceptions on both sides of the Atlantic: inspected under lights, "the vast, common commitments that we share" are not so vast, hardly common and increasingly unstable.



A Pershing missile being launched, Schmidt (middle left) meeting with Carter; perfunctory parties for the cameras



One current difficulty is the pledge by all the NATO nations to boost defense spending by three per cent annually, the alliance's response to steady Soviet military buildup through the 1970s. Europe's economies, struck by the recession of inflation, are now inching away from the three-per-cent target, particularly where it means slowing popular social benefit programs. This careful restraint has raised concerns among defense officials. Says one top Pentagon adviser: "If the U.S. puts up five per cent and the Europeans cut back to one or two per cent, we're going to be in for a bad time holding the alliance together."

The Europeans in general and the West Germans in particular are less concerned about an arbitrary three-per-cent figure than about the demise of the NATO talks and the implications for détente with the Soviet Union. Twenty-five per cent of West Germany's trade is with Warsaw pact nations, for the détente is a daily reality which may be jeopardized by Reagan's seeming intent to restore U.S. nuclear superiority.

Chancellor Schmidt is no doubt anxious to see which route Ronald Reagan will follow, whether he will pressure the allies to hasten deployment schedules for new cruise and Pershing 3 missiles and to accept still newer guidance in the nuclear arsenal, or whether he will steer (as previous Republican administrations have) a more moderate course, emphasizing improvisation in NATO's conventional forces. Notes Michael Kreik, Ambassador Professor at Georgetown University: "Much depends on the choice of key cabinet advisers and ap-

commitments at the subcommittee level."

Peering Soviet intentions, some conservative Republicans believe that Europe's "defiance" with Moscow invites (if eventual) "Pakislandization"—a reality, says one conservative, underlies ignoring Khrushchev, in which the economic and foreign policies of Western Europe are made "congruent with Soviet inter-

ests." Unless NATO is prepared to match Warsaw Pact strength in conventional weaponry, Khrushchev contends, Europe will drift inevitably into the Soviet sphere of influence. The West Germans, among other NATO nations, reject this theory, arguing that closer trade and diplomatic ties with the Soviet Union are better guarantees of peace. "Outso-

lith," says former congressional defense analyst Fred Kaplan, "is still a very tangible thing over there."

So, of course, are nuclear weapons, and neither the Germans, the Belgians nor the Dutch are especially keen to have their arsenals. Robert Fulmer, a senior analyst at the American Enterprise Institute and a defense adviser to John Anderson's presidential campaign, stresses that Americans emphasize an "overall nuclear strategy" in response to the Europeans that the U.S. wants the war to take place in Europe. "I don't think there's anything wrong with Europe not living up to the three per cent commitment," Fulmer says, as long as the U.S. does. Insisting on three per cent simply erodes their faith in us."

The alliance faces other problems as well—conflicting views on the Middle East and growing commitment for troops in the Third World. And despite brave noises about forging independent foreign policies, both Chancellor Schmidt and Ronald Reagan know that West Germany's foreign policy remains completely independent as long as it depends on American defense policy. The solution to these questions were well beyond the purpose of Schmidt's Washington visit, he says, to gain some indication of the direction the Reagan administration intends to travel. Time alone will tell what obstacles he is in his way.

—MICHAEL POSTER

With John from Peter Lorenz in Brussels

West Germany

Softly, in the Fisherman's Shoes

Nicely disguised a tightrope when Pope John Paul II visited West Germany last week. But hardly a moment passed during the pontiff's sojourn in the land of Luther when he did not appear to be walking on pins. For his seventh paid lay apostolic journey, St. Peter's three-time papa, who has had to perform against a strong backdrop of doubt and criticism. It had been feared that his descent on the homeland of the Reformation would fuel fresh tensions between Catholics and Protestants who still did it easy, more 450 years after Martin Luther's break from Rome, to define the one another. There was also some grumbling over the \$1.1 million visit in a land now to host the Pope for five days. Even so, John Paul's favorite saint, a 13th-century philosopher named St. Albert the Great, had been shown in what looked like an attempt to blacken the Pope by

association. Albert, declared a heretic late this year, had been an infamous woman-hater.

As it turned out, however, such garriboles failed to upset the Pope as he moved from Cologne to Munich by way of the airport. In the evening, he held Mass, before crowds of up to half a million. True to form, the 68-year-old pontiff was over his head with bureaucrats and simplicity while meeting the truly awkward questions—such as the League of German Catholic Youth chairman's unexpected public complaint about the church's stand on sex—



The Pope in his glass-enclosed Mercedes, a clear admission of Rome's guilt

with dinner. The Pope also laid Protestant complaints that his visit to a country where the Christian population was split almost evenly was hardly an ecclesiastical event. "We want to speak to each other as people, all have a stake," he said. Bishop Edmund Loh, chairman of the Evangelical Church, in a clear admission that Rome had not been blameless in the division of Christianity.

The pontiff's skill on the high wire was stressed him in private talks with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who had been angry about Catholic bishops' opposition to the October election (which the Social Democrat Schmidt won) was heads down in an hour-long talk, the pontiff managed, according to a Schmidt aide, to converse gamely with his host about virtually everything on earth save the matter of religious belief. In a brief, heated 16-minute of the \$1.1-million price tag, West Germany's Catholic leader, Joseph Cardinal Noth, informed the press that a fund for the famine-stricken Sahel area in Africa, founded on the basis of the Pope's visit, had collected more than \$17 million. He clearly felt that was a good return on the investment.

—PETER LEWIS

Poland

Thermometer rising

It was not another week of bromides. Poland's new leaders stood off strikes after strike with increasing firmness. But at week end, the country was still holding its breath. A strike threat, this time from the railway men, for a time raised the possibility of the paralysis of their strategic transportation network, a technical threat to the security of four islands over there."

Poland's first to their Warsaw postcard. The sharp of discord began on Sunday, Nov. 17, when, after an 11-day sit-out at the distant council office in Gdansk, shipyard workers on a Monday deadline for a strike of the government refused to meet the demands of the health services workers. The threat sufficed and a deal was struck. Immediately there came a further threat from Gdansk, 400 km to the south, where the new free trade union, Solidarity, demanded the head of the district governor, Mieczyslaw Wierzbicki. When Wierzbicki tendered his resignation, the government at first refused to accept it. But one more thump on the table and he was gone.

In Warsaw, the local Communist party's first secretary had been deposed. On Tuesday, his successor's name, Stanislaw Kucinski, was announced. Within hours, party headquarters received a telephone message from shipyard workers in the Baltic port of Gdynia. Kucinski, they revealed the party, had been partly responsible in 1970 for the deaths in that area of dozens, maybe hundreds, of shipyard demonstrators.

On Wednesday night the offices of Solidarity's Warsaw branch were raided. Police searched for two hours and took away documents, including a letter of instructions from the police prosecutor on how to deal with dissident groups. The letter had been stolen from the public prosecutor's file.

On Thursday, parliament was told that the chairman of parliament was dissatisfied that the country would have to import large quantities of food this winter or go hungry. Vice-Premier Maciejowski Jerzyski—who carried out the original negotiations that led to the formation of Solidarity, which now has around 16 million members compared to the Communist party's two million—also reported progress made on the Laskowice agreement with strikers in Gdansk. He said solidarity there, further work continues to break the country and accused the union of subverting the right to strike.

On Friday, Poles reacted to a real shock: the appointment of a neo-Communist



Confronted: the result of back-packer chafe

party member as one of the country's caretaker ministers. It was the first time that had happened in post-war Poland. The man in question was Jozef Duda, a Roman Catholic layman and member of parliament representing Lenin, the most progressive of the Gdansk factories that have a free seat in parliament. Duda's appointment was the result of back-packer chafe between First Secretary Stanislaw Kania and the generals of Poland, Kefauz Cardinal Wysynski, on how the church must reverse the so-called Communist party's credibility. Both Wysynski and Duda were had been expelled to Rome for talks with Pope John Paul before his visit to West Germany (see page 41).

Duda had been under fire for years because of its strong connections with local dissidents, with Kania, the powerful chief of Roman Catholic intellectuals, and with underground publications that have who thought a semi-dissident had deceived the government were in for a disappointment. Duda's appointment was partly because of his close ties with the local dissidents, with Kania, the powerful chief of Roman Catholic intellectuals, and with underground publications that have who thought a semi-dissident had deceived the government were in for a disappointment.

On Friday another vice-premier, Andrzej Wierzbicki, told parliament Solidarity had given notice that its members were planning a warning strike on Monday. Further work continues to break the country and accused the union of subverting the right to strike. On Saturday the union withdrew the threat, because of unexpected "own consequences," but promptly issued other strike alerts over the decision of a number in Wednesday's vote on the Warsaw branch. Poland once more was surprising and, it seemed, it would take very little to bring it back to the boil.

—SUE M. WILKINSON



U.S. Marines on patrol on Mindanao island: an unstable place of massive fighting

Right Stuff, but not enough

The Phantom and Shrike jump jets came first, in late make-believe bomb runs over the white sand beaches. Next, amphibious assault vehicles, carrying up to 50 men, landed on the beach. Then, the amphibious assault vehicles, carrying up to 50 men, landed on the beach. Then, the amphibious assault vehicles, carrying up to 50 men, landed on the beach. Then, the amphibious assault vehicles, carrying up to 50 men, landed on the beach.

"Valiant Rita," the largest U.S. assault helicopter since the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, had got under way off the Philippine island of Mindanao. Carrying a Shrike tank fighter from the U.S. Seventh Fleet, a simulated invasion by 5,000 Marines, the scale and timing of last week's maneuvers were calculated to address significant messages to important people. This first official operation under the much-fortified fiscal 1981 defense budget was a strong hint to the politicians back home of what could be achieved with the new specialized ships, of which the Pentagon would like

more. To friends and potential adversaries from the Persian Gulf to the western Pacific, it was a fairly sizeable piece of muscle-flexing. Asked if he thought Valiant Rita would frighten the enemy, Marine Col. Edmund Lantry replied: "I'd like to think so."

It's generally accepted that, for the moment, the U.S. Navy outmatches the Soviets in Asian waters. Its firepower and technical superiority compensate for smaller numbers, and even that Soviet advantage disappears if you add in other Western strength. However, the Soviets are coming up with some Right Stuff of their own to match the Navy's six jump jets, 20 helicopters and 2,700-ton transport battalions. The carrier Marsh, based on Vietnam's Cam Ranh Bay, besides with sophisticated weapons, and the scheduled deployment in Japanese waters of a 24,000-ton Soviet missile cruiser, twice the size of its U.S. counterparts, is sending shivers down Tokyo's spine.

Where the U.S. must disadvantage in Asia is in its ability to act on land. The region covered by Valiant Rita's maneuvers includes the Persian Gulf and there involvement there could prove a short, unhappy experience. One American estimate is that merely to delay a Soviet push to the Gulf would cost an army division and a brigade of Marines—almost exactly the number of booties who will continue their war games on Mindanao this week.

—RICHARD VORON

The CIA comes in from the cold

A once-discredited agency prepares to flex its muscles again



Georg (left) and Tamar move freedom of action and less accountability

It's a small, 113-year-old brick townhouse on Washington's Lafayette Square, a few hundred metres from the Oval Office. President-elect Ronald Reagan last week took the first step in restoring to the once-discredited CIA much of its former secret power. Privately but firmly, he told the agency's director for the past four years, Admiral Stansfield Turner, that he will require his own team to see through changes that he intends to make.

That man, nearly everyone in official Washington was prepared to bet last week, will be 65-year-old New York lawyer William Casey, holder of several financial portfolios in the Nixon and Ford years, and Reagan's campaign manager since February. A few other names were also circulated—the conservative Democratic Senator Henry (Sonny) Jackson, National Security Agency chief Admiral J.R. Lucas and Laurence Silberman, who began work as the transferee at the CIA last week. But none was considered to have much

of a chance against Casey, who earned widespread respect in the Second World War as US chief of secret intelligence based in London. In this capacity, he oversaw the successful penetration of Nazi Germany by secret agents.

It is precisely this experience of clandestine work that commands Casey to Reagan and his vice-president-elect, George Bush, himself a former CIA director. Reagan has been convinced by a study drawn up last year by Richard V. Allen, his senior foreign affairs adviser, that the agency should be restructured and that the restructuring should place particular emphasis on intelligence-gathering and other secret activity. These have declined dramatically since the height of the Vietnam War. While the CIA staff remains at about 26,000, the number of agents has fallen from between 8,000 and 9,000 to, it is thought, about 400 effective ones.

Allen's plan provides for the appointment of a director of national intelligence who will control the budgets for

the CIA, National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department Intelligence Agency. This supreme body, a new appointment, would collate the information from all the agencies to provide the president with analysis. The CIA itself would be divided into two a new and autonomous "clandestine service" that would be envisaged greatly to increase agents abroad, and another branch that would merely process intelligence information.

The scheme has strong support, not only from Reagan and Bush, but also from Republican legislators, which augurs well for its necessary passage through Congress. Senate intelligence committee member Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming said last week he hoped the president-elect would take a "very serious look" at the idea of a clandestine agency. "We need it," he added.

In essence, Allen's proposals are similar to those made in a study commissioned by Ford at the height of Bush,

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then CIA director. The Ford study recommended the appointment of a head of clandestine operations of William Shackley, who was then running the CIA's Latin American service. Shackley, now 52, has since retired. But sources indicated last week that Bush is pressing for his return to take up the appointment originally intended for him. He may not, however, be chosen. David Akenson—chairman of the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies (CSIS) and now a top adviser to Reagan on national security—is said to back his fellow class member Ray Chase, deputy director of the CIA from 1983 to 1984.

Whether is appointed will probably have more to do with action and less congressional acceptability than any CIA boss since Richard Helms, who directed the agency when it ran secret arms abroad, controlled as ardent anti-communist and attempted the assassination of unfriendly foreign leaders. During the Carter years, Republican senators were unsuccessful in their attempts to pass bills limiting the Freedom of Information Act, making it a crime for anyone to reveal the names of CIA agents and increasing the secrecy under which U.S. intelligence agencies may operate. With a Reagan administration and a Republican Senate, they should now have no such problems.

WILLIAM LOWMYER

Supping at the tables of power

Reagan and Nancy Reagan looked more than a little puzzled. One presidential appointment was an appointment with the First Family; they had stepped from their limousine outside the White House clearly expecting to be greeted by their hosts. But where were the Carters? The answer was not far from the media, in full regalia, the Secret Service and about two dozen White House staffers, who had slipped them their offices for a quick peek at the president-elect. But where were the Carters? The answer was not far from the media, in full regalia, the Secret Service and about two dozen White House staffers, who had slipped them their offices for a quick peek at the president-elect. But where were the Carters?

By now, they had turned, took a step, paused, looked around, afraid for a moment that they had somehow missed the president, and finally marched the distance toward the door. No sooner had they reached the threshold than out popped Jimmy and Rosalynn. With a pair of smiling jacks-in-the-box, with the president protesting that he was right on time.



President-elect Reagan (above right) and wife, Nancy, meet with the Carters, and Barbara Reagan confers with Senate majority leader Robert Dole and George Bush, clear sailing before the parties begin sharpening their axes.



ential, his first since the New York election, seemed something of a public relations coup. While moderate and conservative Republicans wrangled affairs with the closer questions of cabinet appointments and administrative policy, the president-elect mulctured on a grand circuit victory tour of the contested territory, stopping at both the real and symbolic tables of power.

He didn't take a break. From his 35-minute session with Carter—reported to have been cordial—so his series of meetings with congressional leaders, not with foreign policy advisors and even agreed to a short 10-minute visit with visiting German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. More critically, his encounter with power brokers at Capitol Hill assured the new administration of six months' clear sailing before the assembled Democratic parties begin sharpening knives. Everyone knows that the real test for Reagan is ahead, but his visit to Washington last week demonstrated a politician's knack for the show and a showman's gift for theatre. It was, in short, an auspicious debut.

—RECHARD POKER

The picture was all the more remarkable for its contrast with Jimmy Carter, whose relationship with Congress began cordly and ended over absolute zero, and who never came to be regarded as part of the Washington scene. Reagan

may not either, but at least he was prepared looking as often, adding to a sense of grandeur he may well want to draw from in the months ahead. Said Washington Mayor and staunch Democrat Marian Mayer: "I didn't get to see Carter until after the inauguration."

Yet Reagan's victory lap was not all pomp and protocol. At Jackson Place, his post-inauguration townhouse on Lafayette Square across from the White House, he received daily intelligence briefings, mailed over a narrowing list of prospective cabinet choices, met with foreign policy advisors and even agreed to a short 10-minute visit with visiting German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. More critically, his encounter with power brokers at Capitol Hill assured the new administration of six months' clear sailing before the assembled Democratic parties begin sharpening knives. Everyone knows that the real test for Reagan is ahead, but his visit to Washington last week demonstrated a politician's knack for the show and a showman's gift for theatre. It was, in short, an auspicious debut.

BUSINESS

Wise to the words

AES conquers world markets for word processors



By David Thomas

Increasingly, the wordprocessor's lack of busy offices is giving way to a soft clinging as electronic typewriters succumb to the problems of word processing. With the machines—hybrids of the old-fashioned typewriter, the computer and the video screen—comes a new and porous vocabulary. Secretaries no longer empty type, manual word processing operators input. Desks become word stations and the simple idea of connecting a word processor to a computer becomes as "interfuser with main frames supporting compatible systems."

Whatever the damage to language, sight and health the arena can three ways may infect. Canada enjoys a word pump in a huge, but porous, market. A six-year-old Montreal firm, Les Data Ltd., in the word leader in sales of so-called stand alone word processors, independent units comprising a keyboard, a screen and a high-speed printer which produces finished paper copies. The operator is satisfied with the text appearing in glowing green on a cathode ray tube. Inevitable programs—the critical software contained on disks—take the capabilities of the machine far beyond those of the type-

writer by automating the production of accounting reports, medical records, legal contracts and mailing lists. More than 30,000 such units are installed—10 per cent of the world market—and sales last year topped \$125 million. But the AES level is fragile. IBM recently introduced an equivalent system, and the firm must keep up a drastic rate of expansion and innovation to survive. As President John Long says the demand for word processors is growing at 35 per cent a year and will continue at that rate for the next five years. "Keywords" having a go at it. Perhaps, the two owners, the Canada Development Corporation (55 per cent) and Leser Business Products Inc. of Athens, Ga., have the capital and the determination to sustain it.

Another welcome source of support came last fortnight from the federal government. Ottawa has provided \$225 million to aid in the automated office communications equipment industry and, more important, the use of its own efforts to test, improve, market. Governments are the biggest sales targets in any country, and AES is moving its Canadian marketing office to Ottawa to be nearer the paper man.

Like most high-technology industries, AES must compete in the world market to survive. The firm's Montreal base, where most staff members are bilingual, has helped AES develop a multilingual capability. Programs and keyboards include two versions, both French and Spanish to 51 vocabulary differences, and an AES development centre in West Germany has created a package in Arabic. The South American market is the current preoccupation and, according to terminals division marketing director Pierre Deschamps, the company may serve a pre-emptive strike at Japan, which represents a major threat, if it enters the market. "It's like the way around it is to go into Japan first. We're looking at it." At the same time, AES is defending its software. Says Long: "It's like the formula for Coke—we're guarding our source code very carefully."

The internal battle at AES is "one in every disk top." But before that happens, prices must drop dramatically from the \$12,000 tag on AES' simplest model, the Plus A. Always stiff for small offices and being developed, still, will cost more than \$5,000. AES strategy, says Long, is to avoid head-on confrontation with IBM by developing software specialties that will save it a slice of the market as industry competition takes it off. There's going to be a bloodbath over the next 30 years. AES may not have every disk top covered by 1990. But, judging from its track record, it will be one of the survivors.

Cinema toast



Producer Cooper—last week to make sure he can do it again. This time his partners are of a state prison bent, but when they lack in business reality they more than make up in sheer persuasive class. Cooper and his new partners—lawyers, accountants and brokers—have just embarked on a new venture that will, they hope, hit the preproduction for a new, more honest in Canadian film-making. Rather than making one film at a time, they're creating the vehicle for many films—a permanent and, ultimately, they hope, shareholder-owned



Chamberlain within the gaudy and Byzantine world of Canadian movie

His production company

As Toronto lawyer Michael Levine—one of the deal's orchestrators—admits, it's hardly a new idea. (Earlier this fall, a new company called Seven Arts bought up the Toronto-Montreal scene with some late-1980s-style pizzazz.) "So far, though," says Levine, "no one has been able yet to fully carry it off." Before we finally got Robert Cooper Productions really rolling, I'd had at least 10 discussions about moving money from the public. The difference is their case, Levine hopes, is the combination of three key elements: the Canadian-ness of the product, the size of the pot, and the magnitude and calibre of the players. Levine's last firm, for example, has been representing film people for more than 30 years. Underwriter Michael Harrison of Walwyn Stodell Cochran Murray has earned out a specialized knowledge of film projects rare among Canadian brokers, while Cooper himself, who gained a high profile as the original host of *Ontario's* on CBC TV, has already co-produced two profitable films: *Runaway* and *Mobile Age* Cries.

Among them, along with Chairman (Executive President), president of Guardian Growth (Personal Services Ltd.) with assets of \$200 million, the principals began with "better than seven figures." By selling shares in the new company to this point, they hope to raise a total of \$10.5 million.

The funding is being watched closely within the gaudy and Byzantine world of Canadian movie because it's seen as a

Stamp of approval

In the Library Room of the Palace Hotel, New York's latest shrine to opulence, the bidding was building in quick fashion. J.N. Saks, a Canadian firm acting for a private Canadian collector, said the major words: \$149,000. The price de réalisation was a letter sent from New Brunswick to Hungary in 1893

bearing four faded orange New Brunswick stamps. The retire collection of Canadian stamps sold last week in New York for \$750,000. For above estimate, the four New Brunswick stamps and their cover had sold for only \$21,000 in 1980. According to a spokesman for the auctioneer, the London-based firm of Stanley Gibbons, which recently opened a New York office to cash in on the suburban investing mania, stamps are estimated to be a \$1.5-billion industry in the U.S. alone. Their soaring values clearly reflect the current dramatic desirability of tangible assets.

With the stock market threatening to take a dive, and gold and silver having proved somewhat fickle earlier in the year, the nervous investor is reaching for payable possessions. In a study done by Robert Salomon, Jr., a New York investment analyst, stamps showed the highest

new direction for an industry that has traditionally lurched from one passionate project to another, grabbing and letting go long the way whenever and wherever it could. The Cooper group hopes to put an end to that current of discontinuity by creating a full-time studio with full-time staff who will supervise the production of several features at once while also spending development money to ensure a steady supply of future films. One already completed, *Brill*, stars Richard Chamberlain, while *Flaming* is in progress on *Chiffon*, starring Robert Hays. The key distinction separating the group from the traditional studio moguls of Hollywood is that they aren't so far apart in both large film studios, an overhead problem frequently plaguing their large U.S. counterparts. Instead, they'll use the simple production facilities already in place around the country as a constant base.

So far the group has more ideas than money, but Cooper's high reputation within the film industry may just carry the project off the ground. Then if he starts making movies that pass off Vancouver or Halifax scenes as San Francisco or Boston, at least he'll have shareholders to answer to. □

composed several sets of letters behind gold, red and silver. Right behind stamps were Chinese ceramics, rare books and U.S. coins. "The fascination with tangibles," says Salomon, "reached a month earlier in the year when a news service featured a story stating that the material content of the human body is now worth \$7.98, compared to 58 cents at the beginning of the last decade." Which means that bodies, albeit frozen assets of sorts, are technically doing much better than, say, bonds.

While financial assets continue to tumble and slide, collectibles seem ever appreciable. Recent prices are the rule for anything that can be locked up in a known or safety deposit box. At last, something solidly storable.

Parke Benet auction in Toronto, as a Y Jackson of painting, which had been expected to fetch between \$25,000 and \$35,000, sold for \$211,000, a record for a Canadian work of art. The day of the Gibbons auction of the New Brunswick stamps, another philatelic Everest was crossed: \$210,000 and \$206,000 for two recent Hawaiian 50-cent stamps.

But far all his inflation-proof security, the investor has his worries, too. Or so George De Mend, the representative who bought the penny price of postage, said. "Am I nervous about getting this to its owner? You bet." —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



New Brunswick stamps: collectibles boom

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For the record

Tom Waits

Heartattack
And Vine

Columbia Records

HEARTATTACK AND VINE
Tom Waits
(A&M/WEA)

Our recurrent pop together, Tom Waits surrounds himself in seamy B-movie jazz blues, much of its cheap ambience not as much played as given off by his prone Waits's voice is a growl drowned in bourbon, his whole head twisted to an

angle for morose observation of the passing parade of failed high rollers slipping, awkwardly, into low-life oblivion. His songs are equal parts stream of consciousness, ornate Raymond Chandler and pure schmaltz, but the idea of Waits is that of a burned-out, archetypal jazzman-post making music as a wobbly barroom. The appeal is just as wobbly, but *Heartattack and Vine* has its moments of steel and an excellent Chicago band to hold Waits's fantasy life together.

THE BEST OF JOE TURNER
Joe Turner
(Pablo/BCA)

Joe Turner is a legendary jazz-blues singer usually easier to find in reference books and liner notes than in record stores. He consolidated his powerful style in Kansas City during the late '30s and then moved to New York City, where he proved to be a pivotal figure in the emergence of rhythm 'n' blues, soul and early rock 'n' roll. It's all here in *Turner*, the supple punch, the exuberance and fine-tuned energy. Producer Norman Granz has made the above-out of recent sessions, despite the title, and provided Turner with a top-notch array of sidemen who glide into Turner's blues and stay there, aside from the

classical solos and sly fills. Before anyone tears open the shrink-wrap on *Turner's Heartattack and Vine*, *Turner's Too Late, Too Late* should find its way to the turntable. This man's barroom doesn't budge, except when he spins it around as he heads for the door, striding.

AROUND 6
Kenny Wheeler
(ECM/WEA)

Canada's trumpeter Kenny Wheeler has appeared in two guises, as the warm, classical-sounding voice on such ECM records as *Ralph Towner's Old Friends*, *New Friends* and as a fierce, almost free-jazz blower. *Around 6* presents him somewhere between. Paired with a hard sax player, Evan Parker, and a haunting rhythmic section without softening piano or guitar, Wheeler double-tracks on *Met My Go Round* to beautiful effect, soloing sensuously through two short cuts and alternates rerecups with Parker as *Follies Down*. *Turner's Too Late* adds some virtuosic pop to the lovely *Lost Woods* and sizzling *Interiors*, but this is basically a set for two horns. Wheeler demands close attention and offers much in return. *Around 6* is an excellent place to start listening. —BART TESTA

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ALL SPIRITS ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL.

The state of the space odyssey

Billy Brink Goes to War hasoomed across the nation, suddenly revealing to newcomers that Vancouver theatre is much more than a wilderness for the south of Toronto actors. Canadiana North Lambert, playwright Shrilene (Neil and Jack) Rosen, and the Shaw Festival's artistic director Christopher Newton all performed their art in Vancouver—as why have they and so many others left? One reason is the lure of entire Canada's film and television work, commercials and larger audiences. But an explosive force is operating as well—Vancouver rents are skyrocketing and the number of potential theatre spaces is rapidly diminishing. Recently, all levels of government have responded to the problem by helping to establish two new theatres to



Granville Island complex: Woodstein (inset left), Mickle, atop shipping on red ink

house four Vancouver companies, but this relative equilibrium may degenerate into stagnation unless the future is looked into now.

Typical of these problems is the current crisis at Ray Mickle's City Stage. Originally a lunch-hour operation, City Stage expanded to a nighttime schedule of innovative theatre but eventually found overkill in Vancouver's cramped downtown too restrictive. Although Mickle saw his way to a winner in Theatre Sports, a top-team improvisational competition, the prospects for pursuing his particular theatrical vision are dim. Also struck by space angst is the Vancouver Playhouse, currently residing in the downtown Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, a concrete monstrosity that is

the base of artistic director Roger Hodgson's existence. He has made it clear that an important factor in the renewal of his contract next summer will be a commitment to a new theatre, and Vancouver would be sorry to see him leave. Not only has he co-produced several works with several leading companies, commissioning scripts and



Carrousel's *Worn to the Bone* that inset Betty Hodgson. Kids don't need fluff

leading equipment, but his continued support of the Playhouse Acting School ensures that Vancouver is well-supplied with skilled actors (even if they do eventually wind up out of the Rockies).

Kathryn Shaw's Westcoast Actors and Pamela Hawthorn's New Play Centre (NPC) are in the business of developing BC actors and playwrights as

well, but they've managed to find a permanent home in the new Waterfront Theatre on Granville Island, the city's redevelopment showcase. The well-established NPC produces playthings with script critiquing, workshops, readings, production facilities and agency promotion—its more illustrious members have included Tom Coss, Billy Lambert and Eric Rios. Sharing the Waterfront too is Carrousel, a dynamic "family" theatre Joana Kraus's recent *Worn to the Bone* about slaves riding the Underground Railroad to Canada before the U.S. Civil War is typical of Carrousel's high'll light to get spectators to understand that kids want more than fluff," according to artistic director Elizabeth Hall. Through governments

have remained largely indifferent to Carrousel's efforts, it has received considerable support from other theatres, especially Neil Mickle's Arts Club.

Mutual co-opting and opportunism is the fact strong in Vancouver's theatre community, and the Arts Club Theatre is often gone and far in jeopardy to struggling companies. Mickle's third-old artistic society has now settled him the other new theatre on Granville Island in addition to his original downtown space, but he'll need both to deal with his meagre \$5.2-million budget and universal subsidy agencies. Another company that has been spored worries about its home is Larry Lila's experimental Tambourine Theatre, the resident company at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (VCC).

Next door at the vice director Chris Woodstein is contemplating growing another hand to answer cross-country requests for their triumphant Billy Brink. His Harvard business degree notwithstanding, Woodstein was slipping as not mix in 1975 so he deliberately mounted Billy as a money-maker. The play's success and Woodstein's other impressive activities have transformed the centre. "We've now become financially independent on commercial properties," he says, "but it makes sense for theatres to do that—commercial shows

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are more than business than begging money." Essentially an importer of productions from across Canada, the distributor Wootton intends to put Billy's back against the wall by making his beautifully converted church available to intemperate Vancouver companies with no space of their own. Meanwhile, Billy's author John Gray has a new musical, *Rock and Roll*, co-produced by the WOOD and scheduled to storm the National Arts Centre this winter. Hang onto your seats—the Vancouver Billy promises to be a regular phenomenon.

—MARK CHARNICK

Now you see It, now you don't

E.C.E. (EXTREME CLOSE-UP)

by Neil Munro
Directed by Peter Friedick

We all recognize characters like the aging film actor Edward Marshall, ex-burger-slinger from Sunset Strip, lusted by a major Hollywood studio as Gable's successor. That top billing eluded him, but his sup-



Arrest, Dues, as heartrob of screen

porting roles finally earned him suit status when he'd stopped humiliating himself in drag such as *Attack of the Giant Bats*. Slung in a deck chair on location, cameras and lighting stands surrounding him like expectant tombstones, Duesie Dues rumbles out Marshall's own song in a poignant and powerful performance filled with better nuances.

E.C.E. explores the archetypal Hollywood paradox: how is it possible to construct a charismatic image from the labyrinthine complexities of film production—the endless bickering with light and sound, the soul-destroying re-takes, the clever deception of editing? How could this shambaling failure, this battered investigator of four broken marriages, this sexual alcoholic with a personality like a gravel road ever set a heart throbbing? Marshall himself doesn't know but he does know how to get laid, so when Jane (Diane Ladd), a frisky and apparently inebriated coed, bursts in to interview the flaky gad the and her mother moon over she ends up with him on her hands. Whatever charms moved her on the screen screen have vanished and she raves off, nostalgic memories rudely erased, leaving the paradox to unfold on its own. What Munro implies throughout and Friedick illustrates in a "surprise" ending is that without it, the residual melodrama, something that movie talent needs to exhaust lives digging up, hearts don't throb. Marshall had it, and when the camera do roll (the last scene is no surprise at all since its truth has been felt long before), it is fully revealed. Much of Duesie's bravura performance is due to Peter Friedick's subtle direction. Kustanians are avoided, the rhythms of speech and silence are deftly broided into a moving emotional melody, particularly striking in the tender backroom between Marshall and his gay ward Triple, pungently evoked by Stewart Arrell. There are some Dues—the first act blackout is comey, Jane's rage is too abstract, Triple's boy-ness irritates at times—but this fairly doused close-up does transform itself, slowly and skillfully, into a lifeline between person. It will get you every time.

—M. C.



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TELEVISION

Calling the wild

MUSIC FOR WILDERNESS LAKE
CBC, NOV. 26

It's autumn daybreak on O'Grady Lake in the backwoods near Blue-
swift. Out Skaggon winds roll above
the water. A sound unheard in these
parts suddenly peals forth with some
sincerity. An apologetic duck darts be-
neath the surface. The peal is echoed,
distastefully, by another, and another.
Wary, an owl rocks his dark perch and
unleashes an unquenched eye. Soon the
lake and surrounding woods are ablaze
with glorious brass. Again at dusk the
chorus of full-throated songsters to the
wilderness begins to rise in one another.
Silhouetted against the setting sun,
a well attended nocturnality.

The visitors to O'Grady Lake are 18
trumpeters (plus a few crew) as-
sembled to play *Music for Wilderness
Lake*, a composition by Canadian sonic
experimenter R. Murray Schafer.
Schafer set out to exploit the peculiar
change in sound that occurs at dawn
and sunset, owing to temperature vari-
ants between the air and the water. He
wanted, too, to revise the impromptu
concerts and include their answers
and protests to the unwarranted in-
trusion of their turf. The trumpeters were
dispersed around the lake (with such
instructions as "Stop until you hear
the birds again"), while Schafer con-
ducted from a raft moored in the centre.
Cameramen were spotted on the players
and such woodland auditors as night
crows, while microphone stands ter-
rified precariously in canoes. CBC sound
recorder John Reeves missed the
Kunstler microphone (It reproduces
sound more accurately than stereo or
quadraphonic systems. When broadcast
through conventional consumer
speakers, however, the environment
is a stream of the sound is lost.)

Music for Wilderness Lake is a sweet
and unlikely documentary about the
making of an imaginative piece of mu-
sic. But the best part is the music
itself—in two movements, *Day* and
Night. Schafer's genius in scoring the
trumpeters shows from the first magis-
trient note to the full warbling choruses.
The best way to appreciate the music,
and the film, is to switch off the set at
the end of the program and let this
tranquil yet haunting music echo.

—BILL MACFARLANE

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The writing on democracy wall

This reporter went to China only hoping for a big story but found, however briefly, he was it



By Doug Fetherling

THE CHINESE PORTRAIT
OF A PEOPLE
by John Fraser
(Coffee, \$18.95)

To many people, the idea of sending John Fraser to China in 1977 must have seemed curious at best. Seven different reporters had headed The Globe and Mail's Peking bureau since it was opened in 1959. They were hard-nosed, hard-nosed types all, worldly veterans of the foreign correspondent's puncher game. But Fraser was something else again. In The Chinese, his excellent and long-awaited memoir of his days in the People's Republic, he refers to himself at one point as "a former ballet artist with occasional tendencies toward socialism." Is another typically self-mocking moment, he remembers approaching the assignment (perhaps the most coveted and demanding non-executive task in Canadian journalism) "with all the disingenuous cheer of the boy next door." But in the two-year stint that became something like a legend, Fraser surprised those who didn't know him while patrolling the residence of those who obviously did. He was a most shrewd and exemplary foreign correspondent and, as his written work showed and exemplary book,

The wall on Eldon Avenue, Fraser (right) China books are a Canadian specialty

When Fraser arrived in the country, aged 33, he did not seem destined, as the old Chinese curse supposedly has it, to live an interesting life. His problems were not he, but had all the lucky breaks and big stories the split with the Soviets, the Cultural Revolution, the renewed ties with the West. Even the death of Mao had happened during the tenure of his predecessor, Ron Harris. But Fraser was a different kind of journalist, doing a different sort of job. He was interested in the people themselves, "interested in how people coped with what they had and how they related to life around them." He went there mostly to listen, and it was a treat to learn along with him at the pages of the Globe. So it was an added bonus when the traditional Big Story, the kind he hadn't sought, did drop into his lap.

The repression and general excess of Mao's Cultural Revolution was bound to cause one the Great Helmsman was safely in his sarcophagus. It was at the stage that Fraser arrived, with Deng Xiaoping and Huo Guofeng were leading the backlash against the Gang

of Four and beginning to mechanize the country with Western technology—but when the Chinese people were starting to wish for even greater changes. For Fraser and other correspondents, the relaxation of travel meant access to parts of China previously off limits. He was free to visit Sichuan province and other poor areas, and to observe the problems of ethnic minorities in Tibet and other border districts. But the greatest lesson came when ordinary citizens began putting up posters, or large-character political posters, on the now-famous wall on Peking's Xidan Avenue and Fraser got dragged into a grassroots quantification of state practices.

A young woman writing heads and think slogans," Fraser writes about a day in November, 1978, "approached me and in impeccable English said, 'We are anxious to ask you some questions about the state of democracy in your country. Will you talk with us?'" The "we" was a crowd of 5,000, and Fraser caught, trying to satisfy their fevered curiosity. This could be Koolhaas (as close to "Fraser" as his Chinese friends could get) something between a celebrity and a hero. The next night, in a mass three times larger, he was hoisted on the shoulders of mass members of the throng and his wife, Elizabeth MacDowell, was nearly trampled to death in the excitement. All this was recorded for Western consumption not only by

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But don't miss some of the other beaches. Santa Maria del Mar, Guadalupe, Hicoguan with its strange black sand reaching from the dense expanse of the scrubby mountains overlooking the Isle of Youth. From ballet to baseball and everything in between.

Besides beaches, no other Caribbean island offers such a diversity of things to see and do. Havana, Cuba's capital and still one of the world's most interesting cities, mixes a rich cultural heritage with the remoteness of exotica. We see a performance by the internationally acclaimed Cuban National Ballet. Or take in a baseball game and see where some of the sport's great legends die. But don't miss the excitement to Havana's checkered past. The old city, down by the harbour with its fortresses dating from the Spanish colonial period. Historic Cathedral or Cathedral Square or the National Museum of Fine Arts and Dance.

Plonging into the sea, now a museum to remember a few of the most spots to visit. The Presidential residence in all the Caribbean. That's the thing about Cuba. You won't find broader smiles or friendlier people in all the Caribbean. When you combine the people, the beaches and all the things to see and do with the music, beach, and deliciousness, you'll find it all adds up to holiday value you won't find anywhere else. And best of all, there's no tipping. Anywhere. If you want to reward us, above all your smile and come back again.

If you'd like to find out more about beaches in Cuba, visit your travel agent or write to: Cuban Consulate, 372 Bay Street Suite 404, Toronto, Ont. M5H 2W5.



There's no better vacation value in the Caribbean.

Fraser himself led by the sophisticated Washington Post columnist Robert Novak, who happened to be visiting—making Fraser both the involuntary epitome of what seemed to be a new movement and an international figure who became the story he was covering.

For a time at least, the government seemed only to note these spontaneous goings-on without trying to stop them, and during this brief respite Fraser got a privileged look at the ways and moods of ordinary people, he became the first correspondent of recent years to be able to enjoy more or less normal relationships with the society Fraser made Chinese friends, had them to dinner and visited their homes. But it came to an end all too soon. The authorities began making menacing moves toward the "Hundred," and Fraser himself was seized through the mid-night streets of Peking by members of the ubiquitous Public Security Bureau. Finally, the real crackdown came, with some leaders of what has been disparagingly called "the tiny democracy movement" rounded up and locked away. The importance of the whole episode remains a subject of controversy. And though Fraser gives a complete account, he by no means builds his book around it, taking pains instead to reaffirm at length the educational spirit with which he began.

In his long since come to be expected that each returning Globe correspondent (as well as each correspondent reporter from the Toronto Star, etc.) will write a "China book." Although it has probably never been remarked on, these works reiterate a distinctive Canadian genre. Such U.S. journalists as managed to visit the country at all before the gates were opened wide in 1979 produced how-to-visit-China-to-the-Red books or something else similarly naive. By contrast, the Canadian books have been insightful, non-judgmental and altogether more coherent, useful counterweights to the more travel success-oriented China which continue to be produced after 300 years or so. The review is clearly part of this tradition and yet it is something more than that, too.

For one thing, Fraser writes like an angel. He interprets as fluently as he narrates, and at all times lets his own personality show through. The result is that we get a picture of a town that divided Upper Canada College old boys with the Canadian establishment's characteristic love of the picturesque and the picturesque alike. For another, he's a very sensitive man and applies the sensitivity to his reporting. (Between the lines, for instance, the perceptive reader will also find the story of how the Fraser's marriage depended under the pressures of confinement and cultural exclusion.) Nobody need have



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worried about Fraser. Everyone who has taken the Chaco putting seems to have come out of the experience a different person—more conservative or more cynical or whistling. Fraser went in a talented prep. He came out merely one of the two or three best parolists of his generation. ☺

The man who would be king — and more

DRAPPEAU

by Brian McKenna and Susan Powell
(Clarke Jones, \$15.95)

Motivated is rarely motivated by debt, blind by high-level corruption, colluding in the silence of its leaders and so devoid of true democracy that just two of its interested councillors are outside the mayor's disciplined party of feckless pre-voters. What Montreal needs these days is a young energetic reformer. One who, like the anti-white crusader first elected in 1994, would promise "We will do nothing to hide the facts." Since that promise, Jean Drappeau has turned municipal administration into a shell game, magically slipping the facts from sight. Drapped by Brian McKenna and Susan Powell is the best attempt yet to lift the shroud and reveal Drappeau as an obscure monument builder whose triumphs are never quite complete. The glitter of Expo 67 was marred by prefabricated, plywood models were thrown up in vacant lots through the city and carried away to ground into the hangers of sold at Mel-controlled food corporations. And, of course, the 1976 Olympic Games were a triumph only if one ignores the shoddy workmanship, general apathy and still unfinished state of the stadium.

But there are two thoroughly impres-

Drappeau: a reformer turned impresario




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ave achievements of Mayor Jean Drapeau, one, his ability to make the people forgive his failings and, the other, the aura of mystery protecting his private and much of his political existence. Drapeau adds a third dimension to the mayor's enigmatic exterior, but, like the undertakings of its subject, the biography is flawed, charmed by the Drapeau spell it tries to exorcise. The authors' huckster-bonding effort to treat the latest expressions with fairness occasionally topples into the ridiculous. For instance: "Every time Jean Drapeau wheels past a jogger in his lim-

ousine, he can take some of the credit for that person's pursuit of fitness and the accounted dollars that will save the community its medical bills."

But their account of the mayor's audacious schemes is unimpeached and there is much of the tantalizing gaps in modern Quebec history. Particularly juicy is the tale of Drapeau's feud with Claude Ryan who, as *Le Devoir* publisher, had visions of usurping his film as authority during the 1970 October Crisis by declaring himself leader of a provisional government for Quebec. Combined with the mayor's old friendship with Parti

Québécois Premier René Lévesque, Drapeau's enmity for Ryan makes sense of the mayor's notorious temptation to take over the marbled Union Nationale, whose revolt could deny Ryan victory in next year's provincial election. The mayor is unlikely to relish the prospect of losing his budget and city charter at the mercy of a premier who, as Ryan has, diagnosed in him "touches of megalomania."

So far, no Quebec government has done more with Drapeau's vision of grandeur because of his way over Montreal. The book reveals that Drapeau went so far as to top with the idea of a city referendum on Quebec independence—with himself at the head of the federalist forces. But the Lévesque government agreed to finish Drapeau's cherished Olympic stadium tower and the mayor dropped his scheme. (After the referendum, the government revealed that it would not finish the tower after all because it could not support its own weight.)

Drapeau's Quebec nationalism, his fascination with things Fernis, which brought Montreal a rubber-circled Metro which can't run outside its tunnels to the suburbs or airports, his suspicious elevation of an incompetent cop to the chief's job and his disregard of Montreal's national and architectural heritage are well chronicled. But, like most Montreal voters, McKenna and Farrell pardon the mayor. They embellish more than they penetrate the Drapeau tapestry.

—DANIEL THOMAS

Portrait of a C.G.A.



Lorne Findlay, C.G.A.
Controller
Sault Ste. Marie Board of Education

As controller for the Sault Ste. Marie Board of Education, Lorne Findlay ensures that the business operations of the Board are funded, have adequate supplies, their buildings and grounds are well maintained and that all financial and accounting functions are operating efficiently. With over 50 schools, 16,000 students, 1200 staff and a budget close to \$40 million this is no small task. Lorne's main role is to coordinate these functions through a number of key staff persons.

In addition to his position with the Board of Education, Lorne is also Executive Director of the Northern Ontario Public and Secondary School Trustees' Association.

Lorne Findlay is a Certified General Accountant (C.G.A.).



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MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Covenant, Michael Ondaatje* (3)
- 2 *Pleasantville, Tony* (2)
- 3 *The Day After Tomorrow, Robert* (2)
- 4 *Johns, Theo and New, Zoltan* (4)
- 5 *East of Angels, Sheldon* (3)
- 6 *Prison, John* (3)
- 7 *Fortunio East, Robert* (7)
- 8 *Unbroken, Michael* (6)
- 9 *The Source History, Lillian* (6)
- 10 *The Third Turnpike, Tompkins*

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Invasion of Canada, 1812-1813, Bertie* (1)
- 2 *The Second Norman Treasury, Dyer* (2)
- 3 *The Northern Magazine, Gwyn* (6)
- 4 *Catch Me If You Can, Abigail* (4)
- 5 *Battle of Britain, Douglas* (3)
- 6 *Discipline of Power, Simpson* (6)
- 7 *The Sky's the Limit, Dyer* (1)
- 8 *James Earl Ray's Yorkshire, Dyer* (7)
- 9 *How to Survive Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Dyer* (6)
- 10 *Lawyers, Dyer*

(1) Fiction last week



Do unto
others...



The dream of a painless body

Science raises new hopes for eradicating the worst of all man's afflictions

By Warren Gerard

It happened suddenly. Bob Cave was lifting two heavy garbage cans into a Vancouver disposal truck when he slipped and fell, twisting his back and severely injuring them in his spine. He wouldn't be working on the garbage trucks again. Cave underwent three back operations, but none was able to ease the chronic pain and the resulting misery that came with it. He soon became addicted to codeine. Everything about the man changed. At first, he could sleep only three hours a night, and when he got up the first priority was to pop a couple of codeine pills. He spent his days watching television, moving about as little as possible and popping pills, up to 10 a day. At 36, his thoughts were filled with bitterness and self-pity and he viewed his frustration on his wife and two children. "I felt totally helpless. It's disgusting when you can't drive or carry in the groceries, and I couldn't even play with the kids. I got pretty grouchy and

grilled a lot. The kids didn't like me too much. I think now it was worse on the family than on me."

Bob Cave found that way for eight years. Then last year the Workmen's Compensation Board sent Cave to a private clinic, the Calcutta Centre for Pain and Stress Management, a low-rise cedar building in central Vancouver. It was something of a miracle for Cave. Within a week he had dropped his stick, taken off the corset he wore for his back and thrown out his codeine pills. "I got disgusted with myself," he said. "I went cold turkey. It wasn't easy." At the end of the six-week treatment—a combination of self-help and exercise regimes—Cave was controlling his pain, rather than allowing the pain to control him. In fact, he did so well that he has taken his first job since the 1981 accident: as an evening coordinator at the clinic. In trying to measure the intensity of his pain before he entered the clinic, Cave laughs and says that on a scale of one to 10 he would rate it at 10, but now he rates it as a more acceptable

two. "I occasionally get a slight, annoying pain, but nothing I can't handle."

Pain is the first experience in life and, for many, the last. It is a word with many definitions, none of which seem adequate. "It's something that makes your life pure hell," Cave says. "It robs you of any will to do anything." Even for the experts involved in pain research, it is a difficult concept to describe. Dr. Bruce Pomeroy, professor of sociology at the University of Toronto, says pain is a "dirty word" in science. "It is a philosophical thing. You know you have it but you don't know what it is," Ronald Melnick, a doctor of psychology at Montreal's McGill University, has a more practical definition. "It is a complicated experience that we don't like which is normally associated with damage to the body." But whatever it is—and as people who suffer from it know what it is—pain is the worst of all man's afflictions. For chronic sufferers, it is a debilitating way of life, a disease in itself, and the main reason why people seek out doctors. In the

Western world, back pain alone accounts for 30 million doctor visits a year, surpasses another 35 million. Serious pain affects more than 50 million North Americans and costs \$6 billion a year in treatment and lost work time.

But now, as never before, the world of science and medicine is on a dramatic threshold of understanding pain and, what's more, how it can be stopped. Within the past decade there have been startling, even sensational, advances in the fight against pain. On one front, a variety of techniques, some very new, others as old as civilization itself, have been summoned to help a patient cope with pain. The other prong of the attack is the work of drug companies and their steady monthly announcement of some new and powerful chemical to combat pain. In recent years, researchers have found that the brain produces its own natural opiate, called enkephalins and endorphins, and once their function is better understood the puzzle of pain may even be solved. Pain, the study and treatment of it, is becoming a truly interdisciplinary discipline in medicine. More and more pain centres and clinics, whose approach to alleviating pain is multidisciplinary, rather than pill-oriented, are opening their doors, both privately and in public hospitals where patients are covered by Medicare.

"The medical profession deals extremely well with acute pain," says Dr. Charles Gregory, a psychiatrist and director of the clinic where Bob Cave was treated and now works, "but it doesn't know how to cope with chronic pain." Gregory says chronic pain isn't simply a physiological sensation but, rather, a total experience. Physical pain is compounded by secondary or "learned" factors, such as emotional stress, insecurity, family conflict or financial worries, all of which feed into the pain-neuroendocrine cycle. "The medications don't alleviate chronic pain, so there's frustration, depression, a loss of recovery, and eventually the patient himself is accused of imagining it all because there's no longer an adequate organic cause for the pain."

Because government medicine programs don't cover Gregory's private multidisciplinary rehabilitation approach, patients or their insurance plan (Workmen's Compensation or company disability plans) pay the \$200 a day for a shared room. "We fall between the lines in the grid," Gregory says. "Although there have been pain centres in the U.S. for the past 15 years, we're the first of this type in Canada. Many insurance companies haven't recognized the cost effectiveness. One year the \$10,000 to \$15,000 for our program with the costs of 10 or 15 years of disability payments. Sixty-two per cent of our patients return to work."



Diagram used to examine carbonyl analgesic advances in fighting pain

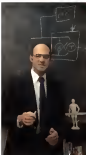
Cave's treatment at the clinic was typical. It began with a 7 a.m. walk, followed by a warm and gentle exercise, morning and afternoon physiotherapy, and biofeedback training using a small battery unit that beeps as muscle spasms reach a certain point. The therapist told Cave when to relax, breathe, and psychologists and physiotherapists taught him how. Learning how to relax is an essential part of the program, but there are other ingredients, such as group therapy, art, and the pain scales, but also for his family.

The current multidisciplinary approach to pain management and much of the popularity and optimism about pain research in recent years is due in large part to the work of Melnick and physiologist Dr. Patrick P. Wall of the University of London in England. They teamed up to create what is called the "gate control" theory of pain—a theory that changed the way of thinking about pain. Very simply, the "gate control" theory, which is not universally accepted, shows how pain signals may be transmitted to the brain through "gates" in the nervous system. Low shock "pains" may close and therefore block pain signals, while high shock signals are controlled by the brain. In other words, pain can originate from within the body and then without. Basically, Melnick and Wall rediscovered and redefined, in modern terms, what the Greek physician Galen knew in ancient times, but because his theories said the brain, not the heart, was the seat of the soul, his work was judged to be unorthodox and was therefore suppressed.

Christian influence on the knowledge and treatment of pain has been enormous. Throughout the middle ages, the monasteries were the dispensers of both medicine and theology, and the philosophy of pain was simply that Christ had suffered on the cross, therefore man should also be prepared to suffer. That philosophy, which is shared by other religions, has been a centuries-old rationalization for admitting to pain, but today, at last, it is becoming unacceptable. To let someone suffer from useless, chronic pain, says Dr. Margaret Scott, clinical director of the palliative care unit for terminal cancer patients at Toronto's Grace Hospital, is "a sin" (see box, page 68). Melnick has much the same feeling. "It's enough," he says, "just to try to achieve some human dignity in society. We do not also need severe pain and the suffering that comes with it."

Until the "gate" theory's rediscovery, the prevailing wisdom about pain—and taught as fact in medical schools until recently—was basically articulated by

Cave (far left), scientists John Pheasant and Bruce Pomeroy fight; pain is a 'dirty word' in science



Melnick and 'gate' theory: a complicated experience that we don't like

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the French philosopher Descartes in 1644. He said it worked like a bell ringing in a church: a man pulled a rope at the bottom and the bell rang at the top. Called the "specificity theory," it said that a specific pain pathway carried messages from pain receptors in the skin to a pain centre in the brain.

Before the "gate" theory was introduced, the medical profession thought it had all the answers to the treatment of pain—that it could be stopped or alleviated by the administration of drugs such as morphine, a derivative of opium, and aspirin, or by the surgical cutting of nerves, which has had limited success, and, in some cases, by burning out parts of the brain.

New methods replace the need to drug patients



Conventional pain-killers, aspirin and opium (aspirin) nothing is a panacea

Yet there was much evidence to suggest that the fence didn't always fit the theory. During the Second World War, it was found that only one in three severely wounded soldiers, some with gaping wounds, complained of pain enough to require morphine. It was thought that perception, anxiety and the psychology of the moment played a large part in the soldiers' pain reception, that they were euphoric and relieved to be out of combat. Another explanation, although it was not known at the time, is that endorphins (morphine from within) were released in huge quantities in the brain because of battle stress and, as a result, the soldiers were kept out of pain by their own natural opiates. But whatever the cause, Melzack's theory is that a "gate" or "gate" raised along the pathway to the brain and therefore pain messages were inhibited.

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You can pour whisky

mitted from the brain to the body. In this case, Melnick's "gate" swung the other way. He cites the case of a woman who was purging her bowels when, suddenly, she found what she feared, a small lump. She called her doctor immediately, but it was a Friday and she was told the doctor wouldn't be in the office until Monday. By Friday night, now very worried, she was conscious of pain in her breast; on Saturday the pain spread to her shoulder, and by Sunday night it had spread into her arm. On Monday, after the doctor's thorough examination, she was told she had a small, harmless cyst, something that occasionally happens during menstruation. The pain disappeared instantly.

Yet there are two types of pain that, for most people, need no psychological explanation—acute, or acute pain, and chronic, or chronic pain. Acute pain is often sharp, immediate, unexpected, caused by something like a wasp's sting, stepping on a nail, suffering a toothache, appendicitis or heart attack. It is a warning signal! Chronic pain, however, caused by such conditions as arthritis, degenerative cancer, a phantom limb or terminal cancer, is constant, all-consuming, depressing and generalizing.

In the United States (no such figures

are available in Canada), the average patient in chronic pain has suffered for seven years, had three to five operations and paid up to \$16,000 in physicians' fees. In the case of surgery to relieve the lower-back pain often caused by degenerative discs applying pressure on nerves, up to 50 per cent of the patients fail to get relief. Meanwhile, those same

Stimulators don't abolish pain; they merely ease it

patients take many different types of pain-killers and drug sedatives, often approving rather than alleviating the pain. And the chances are a risky 50-50 that addiction may result.

Since the "gate" theory and the research that has followed, many doctors are becoming increasingly reluctant to operate on patients and drag them into potential addiction. Many new methods, as well as older ones, are being used to attack pain. In fact, pain now can be seen through the use of thermograms, a method of making pictures of temperature variations of the skin. It is often found in these pictures, produced by the infra-red radiation of heat, that painful areas in the body are several degrees cooler than normal. Some ways of attacking pain work for some patients some of the time, but none in a permanent

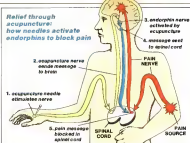
Hypnosis and self-hypnosis work well for some people with stress-related pain and, in some cases, remarkably well for more severe pain. Acupuncture has found a new scientific base, especially since the discovery of endorphins in the brain that are stimulated by acupuncture, thus relieving pain. Transcutaneous stimulators, some the size of a cigarette package, attached to the body's surface, are used to stimulate electrically those parts of the body in pain. They can be effective for many types of pain, including lower-back pain, and even for some terminal cancer pain, but the stimulators don't abolish pain; they merely ease it. In other cases, nerve blocks are effective. Here, an anesthetic applied to the nerve by injection stops the nerve's input to the brain, usually ending the pain for several hours or longer, sometimes completely. But for the most part, even though there have been dramatic breakthroughs in methods and attitudes in the treatment of pain, the chronic sufferer is seldom fully relieved, although the pain usually can be modulated.

For others nothing seems to work, and some sufferers must feel their way of dealing with pain. William Stevenson, journalist and author of *A Man Called Arthropod*, has been in chronic pain since suffering back injuries in the Second World War from the



Points of pain, the "gate" theory: (1) Electrical stimulation activates large nerve fibres, closing the gate. (2) Acupuncture stimulates small nerve fibres, triggering counter-impulses to block the pain. (3) Anesthesia acts directly on the cerebral cortex and closes the gate.

vicious short takeoffs and landings on an aircraft carrier. In 1943, the top of his spine was splintered. In 1963, matters grew worse when he was thrown down a horse in Kenya. He fractured two vertebrae and suffered a compressed disc. He has tried an array of pain-killers, doctors, surgery, chiropractors, spinal corsets, exercise, acu-



puncture, even, thermal mud baths. "You can spend a great many hours talking to doctors, but you are dealing with an area they know very little about," Stevenson says. "My attitude was, well, to hell with this, I'll do it myself."

The doctor was skeptical when Stevenson told him that he would go on his

own diet and pain program. It has turned out to be something of a hit-and-miss solution. He eats chicken, fish and vegetables, no red meat or cheese, drinks only occasionally, and very little alcohol. He is very stiff after a night's sleep and spends the first half-hour of each day in exercise. He takes about six coated aspirin a day, swears



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Isabelle Huppert and Kris Kristofferson dancing in a \$40-million shelved biopic

So much for that one clean shot

Not since Napoleon contacted his travel agent and went to Moscow has there been such *film des gens* drama. Moscow's Gate, the long-awaited \$40-million western epic by Michael Cressie, the director of *The Crow* movie, following last week's premiere in Toronto and New York—and the cancellations of one in Los Angeles—has been pulled out of theatres by its distributor, United Artists. Two years in the making, this four-hour epic drew walkouts and boos at both showings. Critical response in the news in New York was so unanimously negative that both Cressie and the distributor immediately agreed to park the mountain Cressie said that, in meeting United Artists' deadline, he "prematurely released" his film and will now go back to the editing table. United Artists, with a renewed fit to refuse to be misled already earned a reward from its bank loan for producing the film, wanted to release it in the three cities in order to qualify for this spring's Oscars. But they had not seen the

finished product. Cressie turned the "wet" print with loss to New York on the day of the first screenings. The original plan was to release Huppert's Gate in several limited theatres across North America at the end of February, now United Artists says the date is "up for grabs." The \$40-million biopic, which moves like a David Lean movie with a long, has become a critical hostage and the biggest Hollywood scandal in years.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Amazing what can be done in a week

FINAL ASSIGNMENT

Directed by Paul Almond

Consider the plot of *Final Assignment*: feisty young girl reporter struggles interview with the chairman of the Soviet Central Directorate—Kuznetsov's Mr. Day. Not prepared to settle for the journalistic coup of the century, she finds time in her busy schedule to struggle out incriminating evidence of unethical Soviet scientific experiments and to snap off a highly editorial piece on secret trials in the USSR. She solves and solves the bungling Soviet press liaison officer (Michael York) assigned to her, and ends it all off by coming an old family friend, who just happens to drop by Leningrad for a few seconds, into smuggling a child who needs special medical attention out of the USSR. My, what a busy week!

Director Paul Almond, called in at the last moment to replace Silvio Narizzano, struggles to personalize the ideological

stereotypes that middle More Rose's script. But there are so many. Generative Nagel does try to give her reporter Nicole Thomsen some edge, and York is as eager to please as a ranch-hand puppy. But Thomsen is kept so busy hopping from subplot to subplot that any chemistry between them just fades out. Nor do they get much help from the film's craft department. Seriously dull and flat cinematography (by John Coquilland) makes the film difficult to watch and, despite a smattering of Ladas, attempts to transform the streets of Moscow into the streets of Moscow and Leningrad feel miserably

Final Assignment is in fact a hopeless assignment. It's an irredeemable hodgepodge of ideas, themes and plot developments flying off in all directions—and to no great consequence. —WAYNE GREGORY



Nagel and (below) York, difficult to watch despite a smattering of Ladas



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Where Liberals sag and bag

'Some strange device unfashions a sprocket at the rear of their cranium'

By Allan Fotheringham

THE air was thick with glintytrips and redneck wit semi-closet handshakes. The ambassadors and analysts from across the Pacific, who usually meet each other at the end less cocktail parties in Ottawa, this time were having the proceedings in only diplomats can describe as Vancouver's celebrated Bayshore Inn, where guests can arrive by boat, taxi or seaplane, but mostly by expense account. This is, at a glance, Rockliffe Park second week. It is also another thing—a glintytrips example of the staidness of the Liberal Party of Canada which apparently feels it can survive forever by being elected in Ontario and Quebec. This is, in fact, a cocktail party thrown for the diplomats and the press by Tory MP Pat Carney to steal the thunder from the Liberal Pacific Rim Trade Conference—which has banned the diplomats and the press. Could you reveal such politics?

There is something strange that happens to Liberals once they pass Thunder Bay. It is as if some strange device unfashions a sprocket at the rear of their cranium, sort of a bent-sprocket machine. Their six-piece suits develop sag and bag in the wrong places and they can't find the proper fork. They are strangers in their own land.

Paradise is what they seemed to have imagined (on their last for western women) when they inherited the idea of a major showcase on the Pacific from the Clark-Kumlika Squad. The Clark-Kumlika Squad? This conference last February—before an unfortunate accident called an election intervened. Carney, the Vancouver economist who was born in Shanghai and confessed that her stint in Ottawa on the Economic Council of Canada turned her from a federalist into a separatist, had spent \$60,000 on conference glintytrips, jetting about the Pacific lining up countries and delegates.

The Liberals, of course, regard the John Fotheringham as a columnist for Southern News.

Pacific as a back door. Even though a shelf of handwits sits across the ocean. Even though the world's most populous nation, China, beckons with its fatuousness market potential. Along with Japan, the world's second-largest free-market economy. The Liberals were bewildered by the Pacific and they seemed uneasy when they inherited the structure of a Pacific Rim conference that was designed to alert all Canada to the potential for trade. Carney says she had Treasury Board approval to carry

formats be barred from the working sessions of the conference. All the major speeches were open to the press, he added hopefully in his hurried opening press conference, the days of the press yapping at his heels, all "except the working sessions." Oh dear. This is the party that supposedly wants votes in the Western Canada that uses the "back door" to send its remarks abroad?

"I'm a businessman myself," said unfortunately Mr. Lumsley, a minister who has yet to learn where the back stops, "and we're not used to dealing with the media."

Nadder, it might be added, is the party that complains about not being understood in the West. If the Liberals do not have a sense of their own power, they have paper. In the four-day press briefing package, which included breakfast in some of the smaller scribes, a fancy map detailing Pacific trade has arrows pointing from Canada all across the Pacific and conveniently ignoring a bothersome thing called the island of Taiwan. "We don't recognize Taiwan," says Lumsley, unnecessarily resembling a man who is up to his ankles in water. "We don't recognize Taiwan," says Lumsley, unnecessarily resembling a man who is up to his ankles in water. "We don't recognize Taiwan," says Lumsley, unnecessarily resembling a man who is up to his ankles in water.

all matters due to taking his owners' advice. "That means you don't recognize it as an economy!" says a rude scribbler. It is a political fiasco. Mr. Lumsley has spent a further \$100,000 on a three-day closed conference that attracts maximum all will. "We could have got across that there is a Canada of the Pacific as well as a Canada of the Atlantic," says a government trade veteran. "We're going to come out of this with much."

In his own counterpart, External Affairs Minister Mark MacGuigan, he handed a keynote address to deliver that overviews the delicious white. "As I have mentioned on a number of occasions, increased coverage of the Pacific by Canadian media organizations would also be a significant step forward." Oh yes. The Hon. Gen. mentioned "this morning, we have been overvaluing an Atlantic nation in outlook. The truth is that we still lack, in Canada, a well-developed public sense of where we are going and what we should be doing in the Pacific." One wonders why



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